

LIFE

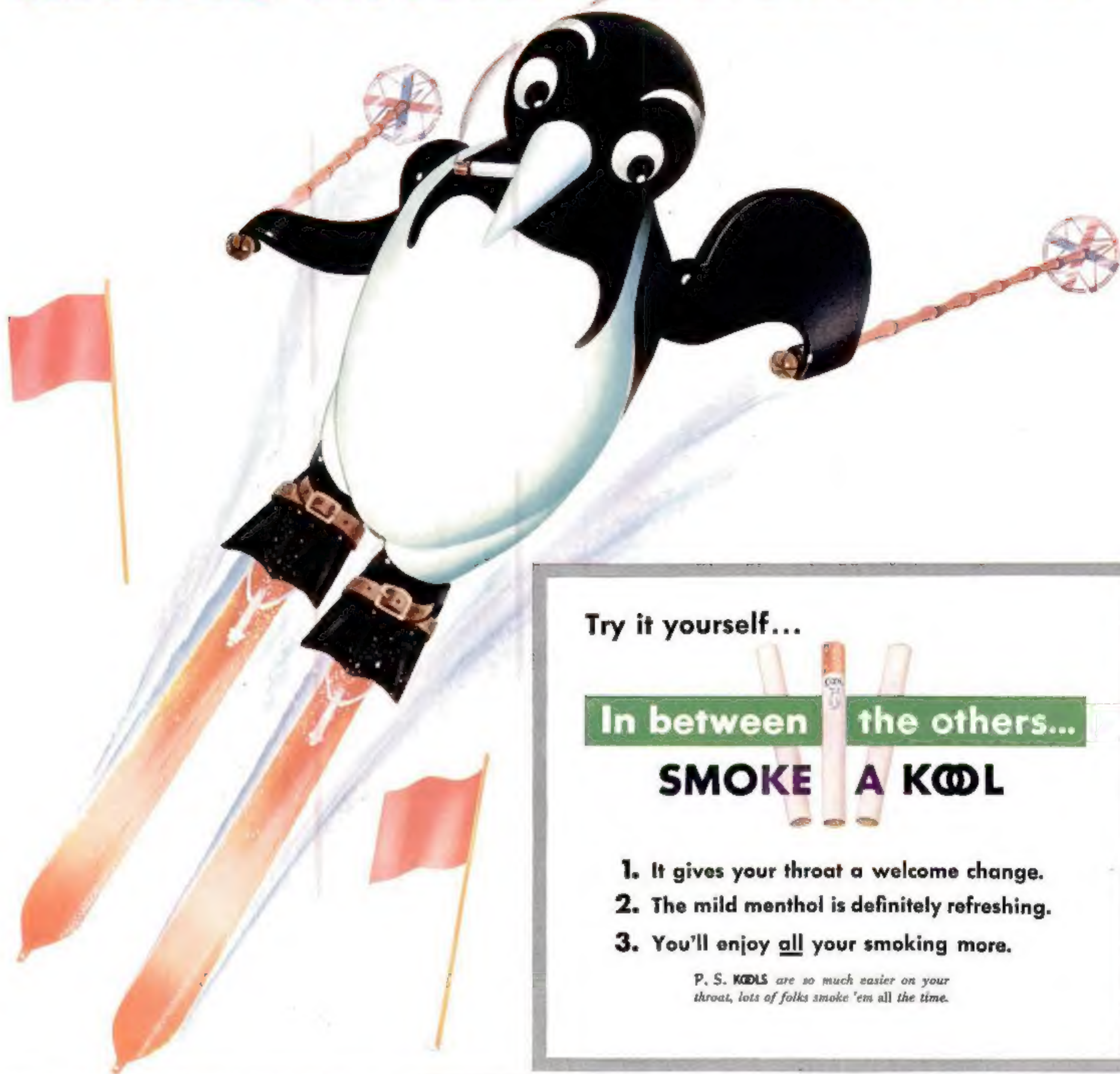


DUTCH EAST INDIANS

JANUARY 22, 1940

10 CENTS

"SMOKERS DISCOVER IT'S A SWELL IDEA!"



Try it yourself...

In between the others...
SMOKE A KOOL

1. It gives your throat a welcome change.
2. The mild menthol is definitely refreshing.
3. You'll enjoy all your smoking more.

P. S. KOOLS are so much easier on your throat, lots of folks smoke 'em all the time.

VALUABLE COUPON ON EACH PACK...FOUR EXTRA IN CARTONS
Good in the United States for dozens of worthwhile premiums like these



SUNKIST JUICE EXTRACTOR. Quick and efficient. Removable strainer. Easily cleaned, 110-volt A. C. only... 600 coupons.



ELECTRIC SHAYER. This new, smaller Remington Speedak shaves close first time and every time, 110-v. A. C. 675 coupons.



NEW HAMMOND ELECTRIC CLOCK with front panel of rare Burma Padouk. 7" high. Operates on 110-v. 60-cycle A.C. 450 coupons.

Write for free illustrated premium catalog No. 17, Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Box 599, Louisville, Ky.

B & W COUPONS ALSO PACKED IN RALEIGH & VICEROY CIGARETTES & BIG BEN SMOKING TOBACCO



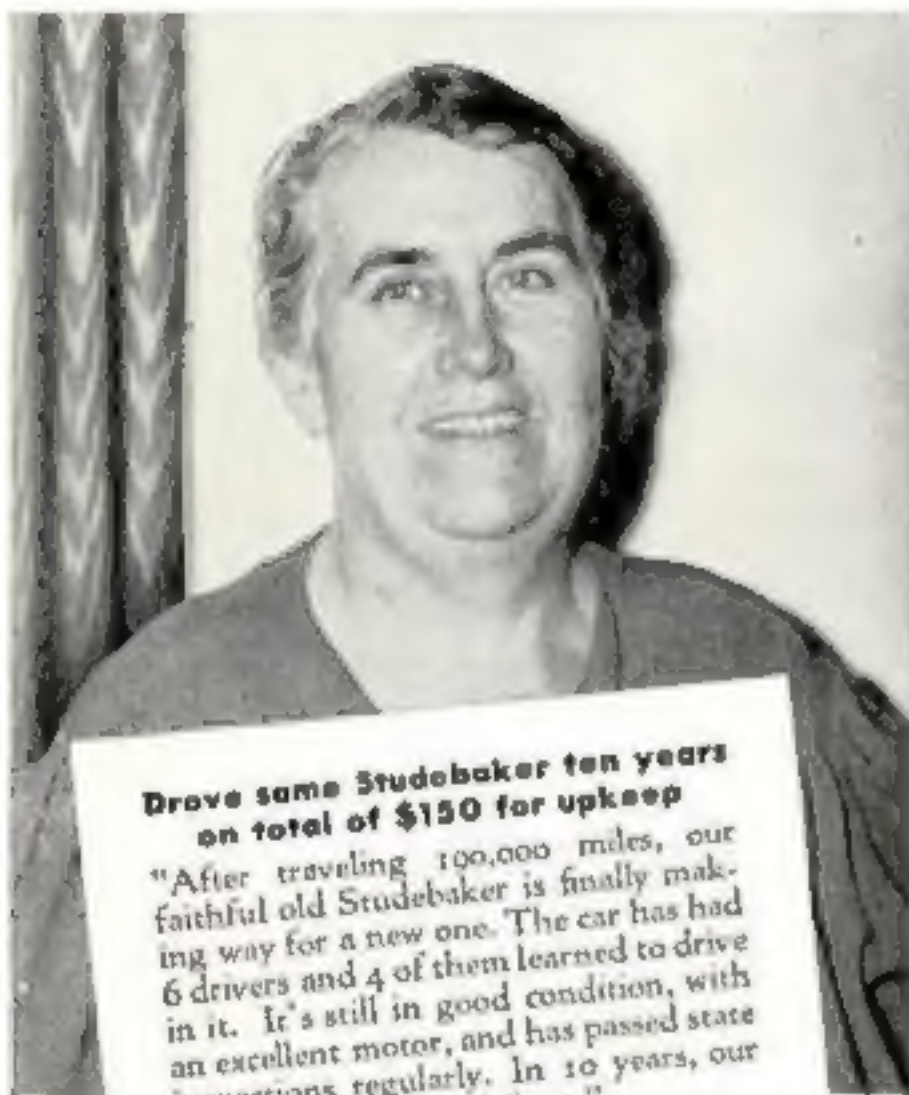
TUNE IN—"Paul Sallieau Reviews the News"—CBS—every night except Sat.



Oscar and Milton Frederickson, with a total of 37 years at Studebaker, are two of many jig and fixture makers whose skill means money saving to you



"Time out for lunch," says Dan Koches, a Studebaker die maker for 38 years. His two nephews are also able Studebaker craftsmen



Drove same Studebaker ten years on total of \$150 for upkeep
 "After traveling 100,000 miles, our faithful old Studebaker is finally making way for a new one. The car has had 6 drivers and 4 of them learned to drive in it. It's still in good condition, with an excellent motor, and has passed state inspections regularly. In 10 years, our upkeep didn't exceed \$150."
 MRS. O. C. ULBRICH, 1065 E. Broad St., Westfield, New Jersey

Studebaker pays them well to save money for you

Each expert craftsman, in this select group of 7,700, proudly builds low upkeep cost and high trade-in value into the Studebaker you buy!

YOU can count on getting workmanship that saves you money every mile you drive, when you choose a new Studebaker Champion, Commander or President as your next car.

Studebaker craftsmen themselves set the standards which put Studebaker cars in a class apart for smooth-performing, low-cost, long life.

Most of these expert mechanics are members of families with years of Studebaker employment to their credit. Fathers and sons, uncles and nephews, brothers and cousins, friendly neighbors by the thousands, comprise the Studebaker working force. No transients are employed.

You appreciate all the care they put into building every car, when you see how little it costs you to keep your Studebaker in tip-top running condition.

Moreover, when you're finally ready for a new car, your reliable Studebaker still has thousands of miles of fine transportation left to assure you a top trade-in allowance. And Studebaker engineering provides you with gas economy that no cars at the prices of the Champion, Commander or President can match.

Studebaker's vast, modernly equipped plants, famed engineering and research laboratories and 800-acre million-dollar proving ground combine still further to safeguard your investment.



Travel everywhere in style in a Studebaker Champion club sedan, \$700 delivered at factory, including sealed-beam headlamps, steering wheel gear shift, non-slam door latches, planar suspension, inside hood lock, shackless steering.

PRICES BEGIN AT
\$660

for a Studebaker Champion coupe delivered at factory, South Bend, Indiana. See your local Studebaker dealer. Low down payment—easy C. I. T. terms.

This One



SEN2-QS3-XHYR

AT THE FIRST SYMPTOM OF A Cold or Sore Throat—



LISTERINE QUICK!

THIS prompt and frequent use of full strength Listerine Antiseptic may keep a cold from getting serious, or head it off entirely . . . at the same time relieving throat irritation when due to a cold.

This is the experience of countless people and it is backed up by some of the sanest, most impressive research work ever attempted in connection with cold prevention and relief.

Eight Years of Research

Actual tests conducted on all types of people in several industrial plants over 8 years revealed this astonishing truth: That those who gargled Listerine Antiseptic twice daily had fewer colds and milder colds than non-users, and fewer sore throats.

Kills "Secondary Invaders"

This impressive record is explained, we believe, by Listerine Antiseptic's germ-killing action . . . its ability to kill threatening "secondary invaders"—germs that live in the mouth and throat and are largely responsible, many authorities say, for the bothersome aspects of a cold.

Reductions Ranging to 96.7%

When you gargle with Listerine Antiseptic, that cool amber liquid reaches way back on throat surfaces and kills millions of the "secondary invaders"—not all of them, mind

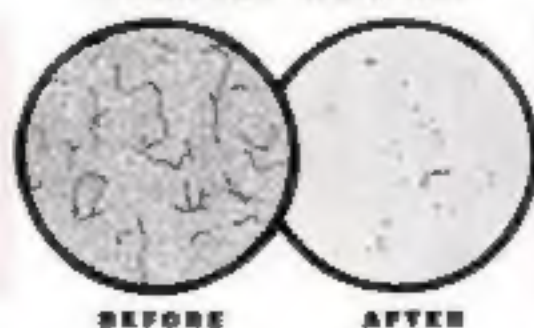
you, but so many that any major invasion of the delicate membrane is often halted and infection thereby checked.

Even 15 minutes after Listerine gargle, tests have shown bacterial reductions on mouth and throat surfaces ranging to 96.7%. Up to 80% an hour afterward.

In view of this evidence, don't you think it's a sensible precaution against colds to gargle with Listerine Antiseptic systematically twice a day and oftener when you feel a cold getting started?

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.

NOTE HOW LISTERINE GARGLE REDUCED GERMS!



The two drawings above illustrate height of range in germ reductions on mouth and throat surfaces in test cases before and after gargling Listerine Antiseptic. Fifteen minutes after gargling, germ reductions up to 96.7% were noted; and even one hour after, germs were still reduced as much as 80%.

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

Lady Identified

Sirs:

In the Nov. 20 issue of LIFE there appeared a picture of a young lady lying on the beach with her head supposedly reclining on the bosom of Rudolph Valentino (see picture).

You stated that this picture was developed from film taken from a camera found on the beach at Long Beach, Calif., and that you would like to know if any of your readers could identify either the young lady or the owner of the camera.

I wish to state that the young lady is my wife Dorothy, who was spending her vacation of May and June of 1938 at Long Beach and recalls the incident of the picture-taking. The camera in question was owned by one of three unknown youths who had requested but had been denied a "pose." They took it anyway.

Sorry I can't help you in identifying the camera owner but I can satisfy your curiosity as to the identity of the young lady.

LES A. HUTCHINS

Berkeley, Calif.



MRS. DOROTHY HUTCHINS

● The camera containing the undeveloped negative of the picture was found buried in the sand by Margo Oltroge of Long Beach, in October, 1939. Miss Oltroge printed the picture and sent it to LIFE. The camera's owner is still unidentified.—ED.

The Peculiar English

Sirs:

Noel Busch's piece about England (LIFE, Jan. 1) is, I think, of superlative prose style quality, much better than a lot of things in the Oxford Book itself. As I look back upon my ghastly experiences with American journalism—from which I have now by luck escaped into a G. K. Chesterton-type village—I must say this is the only first-rate talent I have seen.

HARRISON REEVES

Cold Spring on Hudson, N. Y.

Sirs:

As a native and recent inhabitant of that "tight little island," may I congratulate Mr. Noel Busch on his notes on our most peculiar species.

Naturally (like all your English readers of the feminine gender) I class myself as one of those who, having "got the idea," (I should—I've spent enough time in New York City!) is "astonishingly attractive."

But I run true to form in every other peculiarity, including gin & tonic—which, to my delight, I was able to obtain in a remote section of Long Island last summer, though unable to persuade my American friends to share this enthusiasm!

HELENE FOWKES

Winnipeg, Manitoba

Canada at War

Sirs:

The rude and foolish letters written by several of my countrymen and printed in your issue of Jan. 8 must have been humiliating to many of us. Your article

on Canada at War in the Dec. 18 issue was not only just and sympathetic but, in the main, accurate.

Many Canadians feel a natural resentment because so few Americans understand our position in world affairs, but they fail to realize that this is caused by the fact that there is a one-way traffic in ideas between Canada and the United States. We see your movies, read your books, listen to your radio programs. We offer you little of the same in return. Canadians productively capable in these fields generally work for the American market and live in the United States.

There are few sensible people in this country who do not realize that it is Canada's national function to stand halfway between the Old Country and the United States, and to be a hostage for their mutual friendship. Unfortunately, however, there are still professional imperialists among us who fail to understand that Canada is American because it is on this continent, British because it is a part of the Empire, and yet manages to remain itself. There is no reason why we cannot be loyal to all three aspects of our destiny. Most of us are.

HUGH MACLENNAN

Lower Canada College
Montreal, Quebec

Wistar's Vine

Sirs:

Since you perpetuated Nuttall's misspelling of wistaria (Dec. 25, p. 44) don't you feel you might do a little research on how the vine got its name? I can imagine a very interesting piece telling of the life of Caspar Wistar and of the status of a medical teacher in Philadelphia in his day (1761-1818). And who was Nuttall?

I have written the following verses:

Poor old Caspar Wistar
Rolling over and over in his grave so fast
you might almost call him a twister!
And as for me, I find it hard to refrain
from hysteria
The way you and nearly everybody call the
vine that was named after him "wisteria."
But still you show so many other signs of
orthographic conscience that I cannot
despair o' ye,
And hope that hereafter you will spell
it correctly, "wistaria."

J. L. BARBER

Coronado, Calif.

● The vine was named wistaria in honor of Anatomist Caspar Wistar, but Nuttall, the great Harvard botanist, almost immediately got it wrong. His spelling, wisteria, has been commonly used ever since.

Botanists and lexicographers and the common people, as frequently occurs,
Each now says the other errs.

But since perpetuating errors made like
this is human nature

LIFE does not side with the "International Code of Botanical Nomenclature."

We are sorry to learn of old Caspar's restless shade

And we would be glad to see it laid;

Nonetheless with Webster's and the general public we agree—

So we'll continue spelling wisteria with an "e."—ED.

Outrage

Sirs:

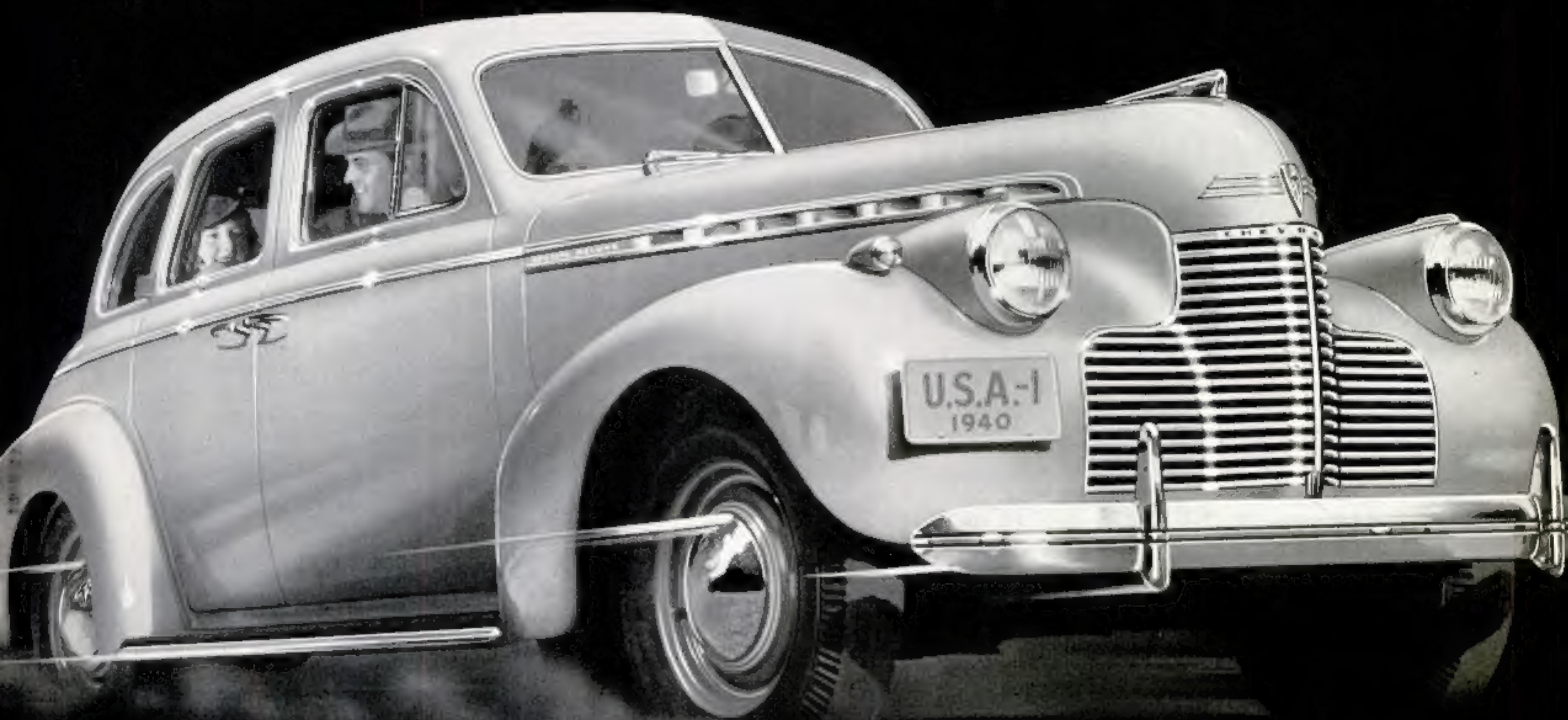
I have just read your article on catching moonshiners in Georgia (LIFE, Jan. 1). You said that some of them are descended from excise-tax dodgers in Britain two hundred years ago.

I must be descended from them too, because I don't believe the Government has the right to deny the poor man or farmer the right to make whisky and then give the big corporations the right through a license. In other words, if the man with the money to buy a license is allowed to make a living making whisky and the "poor" farmer is denied the right, the Government is guilty of discriminating against one economic strata or class.

(continued on p. 4)

**We've lengthened it out . . . increased
its overall dimensions . . . made it**

THE LONGEST OF ALL LOWEST-PRICED CARS!



*The Special De Luxe Sport Sedan, \$802**

Eye it..

Bigger Inside and Outside . . . New Full-Vision Bodies by Fisher . . . New Sealed Beam Headlights.

Try it..

New Exclusive Vacuum-Power Shift . . . "The Ride Royal" (with Chevrolet's Perfected Knee-Action Riding System*) . . . Perfected Hydraulic Brakes . . . All-Silent Syncro-Mesh Transmission . . . Larger Tiptoe-Matic Clutch . . . Improved Shockproof Steering*.

Buy it!

The 1940 Chevrolet gives higher quality at low cost!—Low Prices—Low Operating Costs—Low Upkeep.

*On Special De Luxe and Master De Luxe Series
CHEVROLET MOTOR DIVISION, General Motors
Sales Corporation, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

\$659

85-H.P. VALVE-IN-HEAD SIX

AND UP, *at Flint, Michigan. Transportation based on rail rates, state and local taxes (if any), optional equipment and accessories—extra. Prices subject to change without notice. Bumper guards—extra on Master 85 Series.

It's a whopping 181 inches from front of grille to rear of body; and that means extra length where length counts—bringing you extra beauty, extra roominess, extra riding comfort, and extra safety for your family!

A GENERAL  MOTORS VALUE

"CHEVROLET'S FIRST AGAIN!"

Copyrighted material

THEY WERE TIRED OF BEAUTY



Long hours, irregular eating, and constant standing make beauty shop operators some of the most tired women in the country. Here's what happened to 12 of them, working in busy shops, when they offered to drink Knox Gelatine for 28 days!

66%
FEEL LESS
TIRED



Of the 12 beauticians, 8 completed the 28-day test. 7 out of the 8 reported extremely beneficial results, from "no tiredness in the morning" to more energy for after hours, 1 was moderately benefited. The 4 not finishing the trial got no results.

58%
TO CONTINUE
KNOX



2 weeks later, the 8 operators were checked again. 4 were going right along on Knox, because they wanted to keep their energy up! 3 had "forgotten," felt tired again, and planned to resume. The 8th said she would take it again if she "got feeling tired."

90%
WOMEN APPLAUD
KNOX



Over 100 housewives, stenographers, dancers, models took certified tests on Knox Gelatine. 9 out of 10 completing the test said Knox noticeably increased their energy. In addition, special groups doing extremely fatiguing work (beauticians and saleswomen) were tested. All completing the test said Knox cut down that tired feeling.

COLLEGE
LABORATORIES
SAY SO



Tests by college physiologists proved scientifically that Knox Gelatine builds up endurance for both men and women. No less than 40 football coaches who tested Knox on their football teams last Fall report that Knox does build stamina and fight fatigue.

TIRED? Why be tired? And why force yourself with temporary stimulants? The better way is to build up your endurance. This is now very simple... thanks to this amazing discovery. Just take 4 envelopes of Knox Gelatine every day for 2 weeks, then 2 envelopes a day for 2 weeks. After that, take as required.

The secret is to take Knox Gelatine regularly. Keep a supply in your bathroom. Take in the morning when you get up, again at night. And don't forget.

Cost? Less than a pack of cigarettes a day. Be sure to take plain, unflavored Knox Gelatine (U.S.P.) in Knox sanitary envelopes. Knox is the only gelatine proved to increase endurance. It is bacteriologically controlled to standards even higher than certified milk. Sealed in sani-

tary envelopes, protected until you use them. Buy the regular 4-envelope kitchen package, or the new money-saving 32-envelope package. At your grocer's. Or write the Knox Gelatine Co. Also send for new Bulletin E. Knox Gelatine, Johnstown, New York, Dept. 71.

HOW TO TAKE Knox Gelatine for endurance: Empty 1 envelope (¼ pkg.) Knox Gelatine in glass ¼ full of water or fruit juice, not iced. Let liquid absorb gelatine. Stir briskly and drink before it thickens.



Fight Fatigue With KNOX GELATINE

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

(continued)

If it's revenue they want, they ought to confine themselves to getting the revenue and not destroying property. Alexander Hamilton said he wanted to "show the people the power of the Government," when he started the racket. I guess it makes jobs, too.

Here in Bisbee the consumer pays \$2 per quart, so you can see the result of the discrimination and taxation.

If whisky is harmful they should prohibit it entirely. If it's not harmful it should be taxed at the retail outlet, and the farmer who is trying to convert his crop into a more valuable product or a more transportable one should not be interfered with. He has the right to make a living. It is also his duty.

I have to buy a license to sell milk too, and that is also an outrage, as I could go on relief and let the other more honest (or foolish) citizens support me.

I'll bet you won't publish this one.

CHARLES BRANDON

Don Luis, Ariz.

Help for the WPA

Sirs:

In order to assist in the WPA project of mapping women's contours, looking forward to developing a new method of indicating dress sizes (LIFE, Jan. 15), I should like to submit the following equation for the Callipygian Curve:

$$X = Ay^B E^{C/D}$$

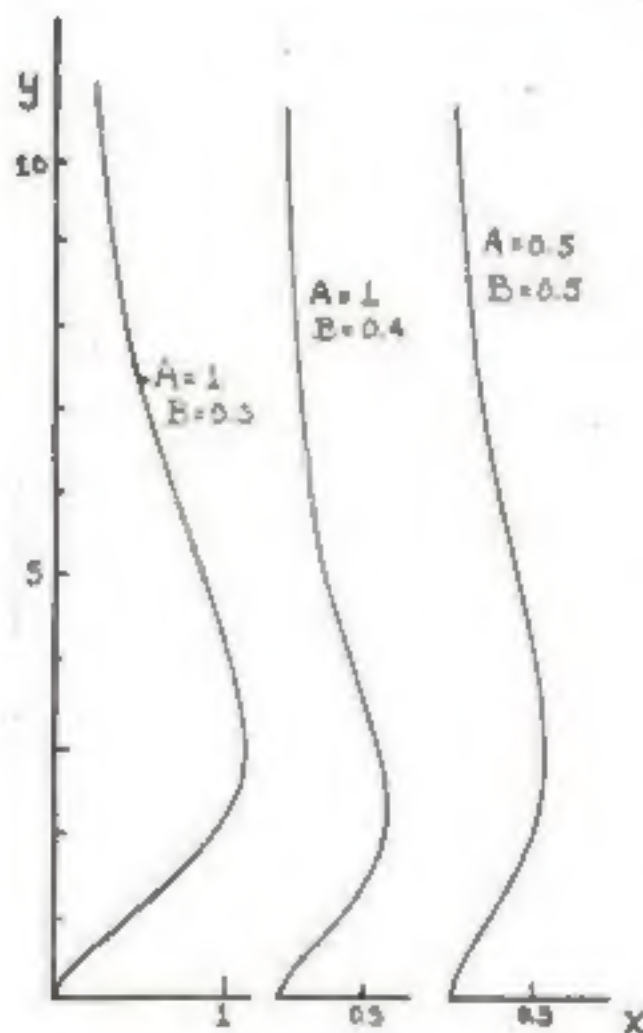
where A may be anything from 0.5 to 1.0,

B usually equals 0.4 or 0.5,

E is the base of natural logarithms (2.718), and

A is taken equal to 0.001.

Graphs of this equation for several values of A and B are attached (see cut).



As can be seen, nearly every type of feminine back may be represented by this equation. Reducing the contour problem to mathematics may aid in solving the problem.

WALTER J. SEELEY, Chairman
Dept. of Electrical Engineering
Duke University
Durham, N. C.

No Pretty Schoolteachers?

Sirs:

When I was a kid I didn't like to go to school any more than other healthy youngsters. I think I have found out the reason for this.

Recently, I made a tour of a certain State under the auspices of the Board of Education, giving talks on firearms' safety to schoolteachers. At the various meetings I spoke to a total of approximately 1,500 schoolteachers. There were a few men teachers in the group but the majority were women. Of these, they ranged from young girls to older women, for the most part principals. Of the entire group I can recall seeing but four attractive faces. Many of those faces would scare any child.

What happens to attractive school-

teachers? I assume that some good-looking girls take up this profession. Do they marry off quickly and desert the game or are there any good-looking schoolteachers?

Any attractive schoolteachers who wish to prove the point with a photograph may write me. Until I have been convinced otherwise, it is my impression that schoolteachers are not good looking.

PHILIP B. SHARPE

South Portland, Me.

● LIFE will be glad to forward pictures of attractive schoolteachers to Mr. Sharpe, and to publish his choice of Most Beautiful.—ED.

No New Decade

Sirs:

In the Jan. 8 issue of LIFE you make the statement that "the year ended and with it a decade ended."

I am surprised that one as erudite as you are should fall into the error of ending a decade with the year 1939. Decades end in tens. I believe it is well established that all things begin with 1 and, therefore, in order to begin a decade, we must wait until 1941.

In a recent broadcast of "Information Please," the experts there assembled agreed that decades start with a year having 1 at the end and not with a year ending in cipher. LIFE should join the procession.

REINHOLD HEKELER

New York, N.Y.

● The experts are right. This matter was settled four decades ago, when the general feeling was that the Twentieth Century began with 1900 but people like Mr. Hekeler insisted on postponing the celebrations until 1901. In common usage, however, 1939 belongs to "the Thirties" and 1940 to "the Forties."—ED.

Science

Sirs:

I feel that I must thank you for the splendid science spreads you have been publishing. I teach general science in a Cleveland junior high school, and I have found so many of your features which have hit the nail right on the head. Your articles on weather, the eye, the internal-combustion engine, birds and several others have been very useful to me. I keep a file of your pictures for my classes.

DONALD S. DEAN

Lakewood, Ohio.

Defense of Sororities

Sirs:

Many things in this era arouse my ire beyond control, but to Alice Richards, for her anti-fraternity-sorority letter (LIFE, Jan. 1), I award the prize for having peevish me to the very peak!

The chief purpose for joining a modern fraternity or sorority is to aid the underclassmen in acclimating themselves to an entirely new environment and to assist in the dissemination of university loyalty and spirit. They adjust themselves more rapidly and are usually more prominent in campus activity. They become good conversationalists and learn to enjoy the company of their fellows—not to snub them as Miss Richards might lead us to believe!

MARTIN J. ROSENE, Scribe

Psi Chapter, Tau Epsilon Phi
University of Illinois
Champaign, Ill.

Sirs:

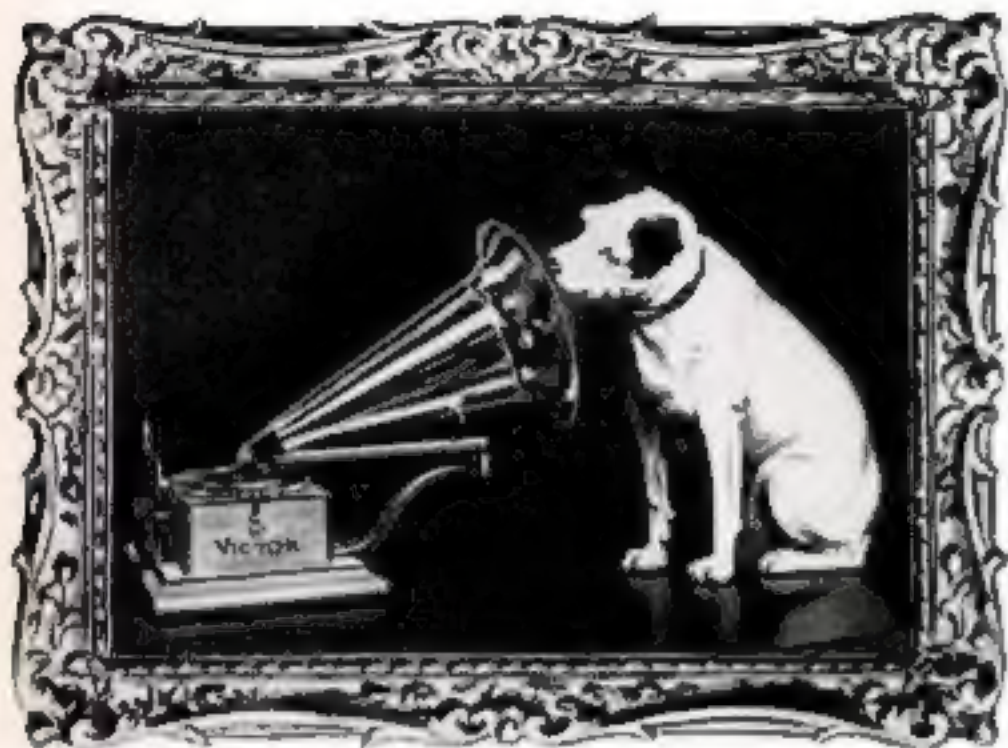
Sororities are fundamentally no more undemocratic than any other friendship group. No complaint comes in against lodges, sewing circles or bridge groups. Yet they, too, select their members and furnish their club rooms as they can afford.

E. JO PULTS,
Delta Delta Delta

Miami '11
College Corner, Ohio

How to get the most for your money when you choose a record playing instrument

Now that everyone wants both records and radio, be sure of
utmost satisfaction and value...get a genuine RCA VICTROLA



The Victor Dog is the most famous trademark in the world. This is the natural result of the fact that for more than 40 years it has been known as the sign of good music, accurately recorded on Victor Records, faithfully reproduced by the RCA Victrola, and available at moderate cost to millions everywhere.



When RCA became associated with Victor, the brilliant research men of RCA Laboratories joined their skill with that of Victor scientists. Radio principles developed at the National Broadcasting Company, a member of RCA, brought about even better recording and reproduction. Victrola became RCA VICTROLA.



From headquarters in Radio City, the experience of RCA reaches out into every field of sound. New ideas are constantly developed. RCA contributes this experience to RCA Victrola. That is why, today, RCA Victrolas have a perfection only dreamed of by Victor pioneers...are priced lower than ever.

Choose the instrument behind which
stands the most famous name
in radio and sound!

HOME DOESN'T SEEM quite complete these days, without record and radio entertainment. Like everyone else, you want them both. And as you compare phonograph-radios, you will know why *genuine* RCA Victrolas are the choice of the vast majority.

When you hear a Victor Record concert on the RCA Victrola, you give yourself up to beauty. You never dreamed you would hear piano tones so brilliant and jewel-like...or symphony orchestras play with such sweep and majesty.

RCA Victrola is the only phonograph-radio that can give you Victor Record music at its best...That's because Victor Records and the RCA Victrola were perfected by the same engineers, to bring out the best in each other...Because each RCA Victrola cabinet has superb acoustical effectiveness, and because the RCA Victrola benefits from principles developed by RCA for every field of sound. Among many new RCA Victrola models there's one just right for you.



RCA Victrola Model U-40. Gentle Action Automatic Record Changer. Radio has Push-Button Tuning. Built-in Magic Loop Antenna. Television Plug-in . . . \$12000*

For finer radio performance, RCA Victor Radio Tubes. You can buy RCA Victrolas on C. I. T. easy payment plan. *All prices f.o.b. Camden, N. J., subject to change without notice. Trademarks "RCA Victor," "Victor," "Victrola," Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. by RCA Mfg. Co., Inc. Ask about RCA Victor Long-Life Needles.



RCA Victrola

Combines Record and Radio Entertainment
A Service of the Radio Corporation of America



LILY PONS

exclusive Victor recording star, delights in her RCA Victrola Model U-42. A few of its many features: Gentle Action Automatic Record Changer... Bass-and-Treble Tone Control... Improved, Viscaloid Damped Pick-up. Radio has Push-Button Tuning. Built-in Magic Loop Antenna. Television Plug-in. New styling in cabinet provides doors that open . . . \$15000*

Painting of Miss Pons by Roy Stryker. Other illustrations by E. A. Wilson.

SPEAKING OF PICTURES...



New Year's Day comes to Venice in the guise of a balmy sunlit holiday designed for water sports. Aquaplaning the role of Father Time is Phil Daubenspeck, Olympic waterpolo player.



St. Patrick's Day effect is achieved by girl on a rock playing an allegedly antique harp.



Halloween finds Venice's bathing girls in costume, juggling a gigantic jack-o'-lantern.



Moose frolic on beach advertises annual convention of Loyal Order of Moose of Southern California. Mob scene shown here is supposed to be contest for title of Moose Beauty Queen.



Bucking wheel dunks a girl in Pacific waters. Ideas like this are first sketched on paper by Venice's press agent, Eyre Powell. His staff then finds girls and props for finished picture.



Venetian art embellishes nature by painting an oafish face on a bathing girl's bare back. The occasion is Halloween.



Funny face augments an engaging figure. Gags like this one sell Venice to the U. S. public as an odd but agreeable place.



Charlie McCarthy makes appearance at Venice and out-Bergens Bergen. Note Charlie's suspiciously feminine legs.

... THIS IS HOW VENICE (CALIF.) SELLS ITSELF



Christmas comes to Venice. Santa Claus, arriving by glider, is hailed by the usual cluster of languid leggy lassies. Idea behind this: Venice is warm in winter; Venice is up-to-date.

Forty years ago a cigaret millionaire named Abbot Kinney (Sweet Caporal) stood on a beach outside Los Angeles and decided America needed a Venice, a cultural center dedicated to beauty in all forms. So he bought 160 acres of dunes, hired the world's best architects and began to build "Venice in America." He dug a network of canals and lined them with Renaissance architecture. In them he placed a fleet of genuine Venetian gondolas complete with gondoliers.

Venice in America was opened in 1905. Thousands flocked to see it but few remained to dwell. Failing to attract a permanent population, Mr. Kinney, at heart a practical man, decided to alter his original idea. In 1906 he took over the Portland Fair and moved it to Venice, side shows, freaks and all. The great California public rushed in. Pink bungalows and hot-dog stands sprang up beside the canals. Canoes crowded the gondolas out of the water. Venice prospered.

In 1925, Los Angeles reached out and incorporated Venice, its 10,000 citizens, its roller coasters and clogged canals. When officials ordered the canals filled in for streets, Venetians protested, insisting they would rather have their children drowned than run over. For a time they shoveled out the canals as fast as they were filled. But by 1929 the transformation was complete.

Today Venice is the Coney Island of the Pacific and the favorite resort of the U.S. fleet's enlisted personnel. In one respect Venice has not changed. It is still the most eccentric community of a State noted for its amiable eccentricities (LIFE, Nov. 21, 1938). Dedicated to amusement, it advertises its assets with a succession of cockeyed publicity stunts, conceived by Eyre Powell, the Steve Hannigan of Southern California. Besides Venice, he ballyhoos five other beaches, the Hollywood Bowl and Los Angeles harbor. On these pages you see Venetian culture as he shapes it.



"Beauties and the Beast" is the press agent's caption for this sample of Venetian civilization. Papier-mâché monsters and unterrified beach queens announce Venice's summer Mardi Gras.



Chariot racing, generally associated with Rome, is presented here as an old Venetian custom. Almost any prop is good for Venice's press agents, whose formula is Girl Plus Gag Makes News.



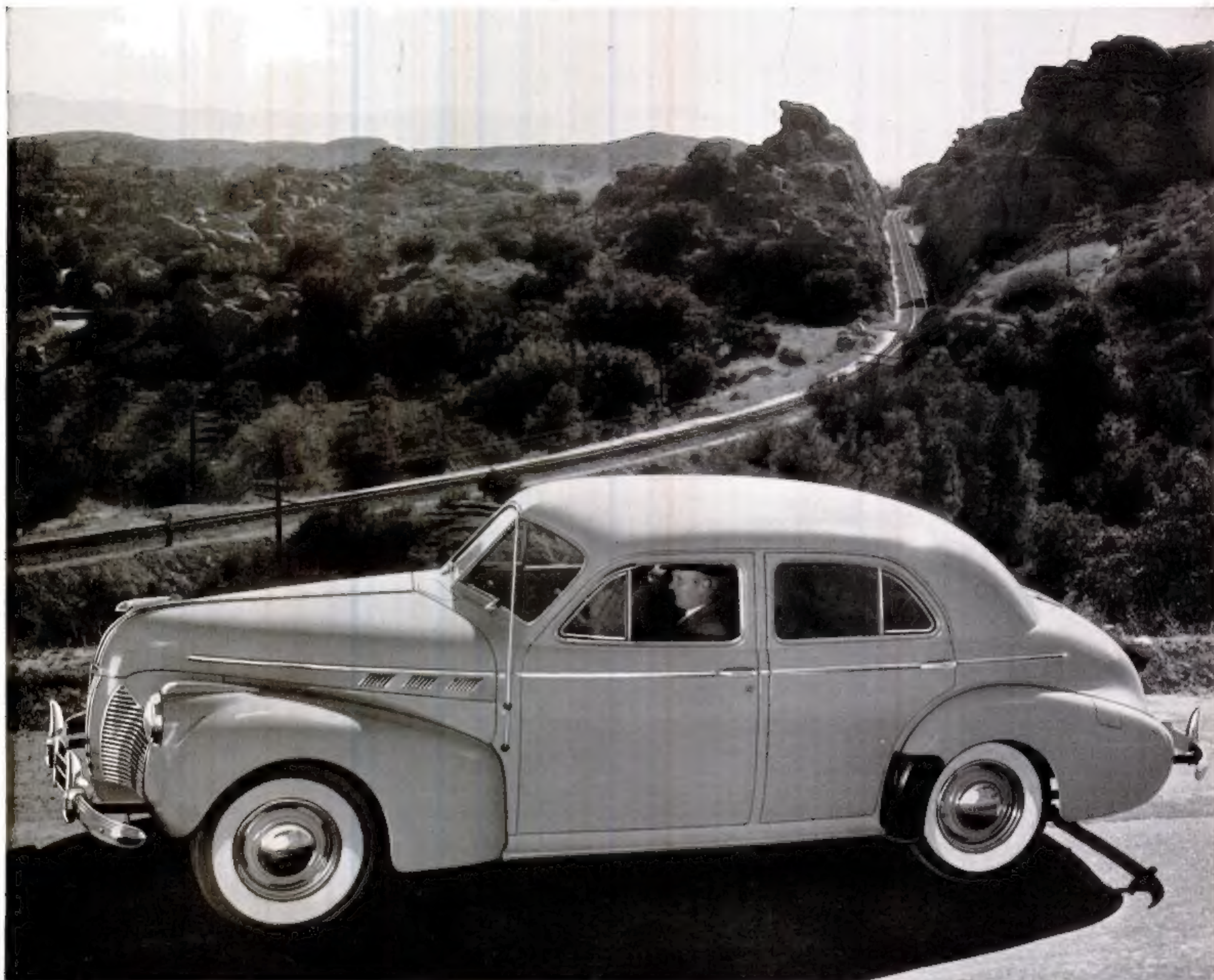
Mermaid motif is a triumph of economical press agency. Ingredients: one girl, 2 yd. of cheesecloth, one barnacled rock.



Stilt volley ball, indigenous Venetian sport invented three years ago, has for some reason not become a national fad.



Winter hits Venice in Venice's favorite costume: a bathing suit. Snow is faked by puffing ground ice through a blower.



Illustrating the Pontiac "Torpedo" Eight 4-Door Touring Sedan, \$1072*

We'll rest our case with any owner

BEFORE CHANGING to a new make of car, the wise buyer should consult some friend who drives one. That's the plainest sort of common sense, for an owner is the *only person* qualified to give an unbiased opinion based on personal experience. In Pontiac's case, we urge you to do just that. We know from experience what you'll hear.

Over a period of five years, we've deliberately

built Pontiacs better than they needed to be. We knew, in the long run, that such a policy would prove profitable. Because there is no salesman so persuasive and enthusiastic as a satisfied owner. And Pontiac now has a million of them!

So if you're considering a low-priced car, talk to a Pontiac owner. He can tell you how generously the slight extra price he paid was

repaid in added satisfaction, added pride, added performance and comfort. He can tell you how dependable his Pontiac is—and how amazingly economical, too.

Then, in the light of *his experience*, judge our beautiful new 1940 models. On what he tells you, plus what you see for yourself, we'll gladly rest our case.

17 BEAUTIFUL MODELS —*delivered at Pontiac, Michigan. Transportation based on rail rates, state and local taxes (if any), optional equipment—white sidewall tires and accessories—extra. Prices subject to change without notice. A General Motors Value.

\$783 AND UP



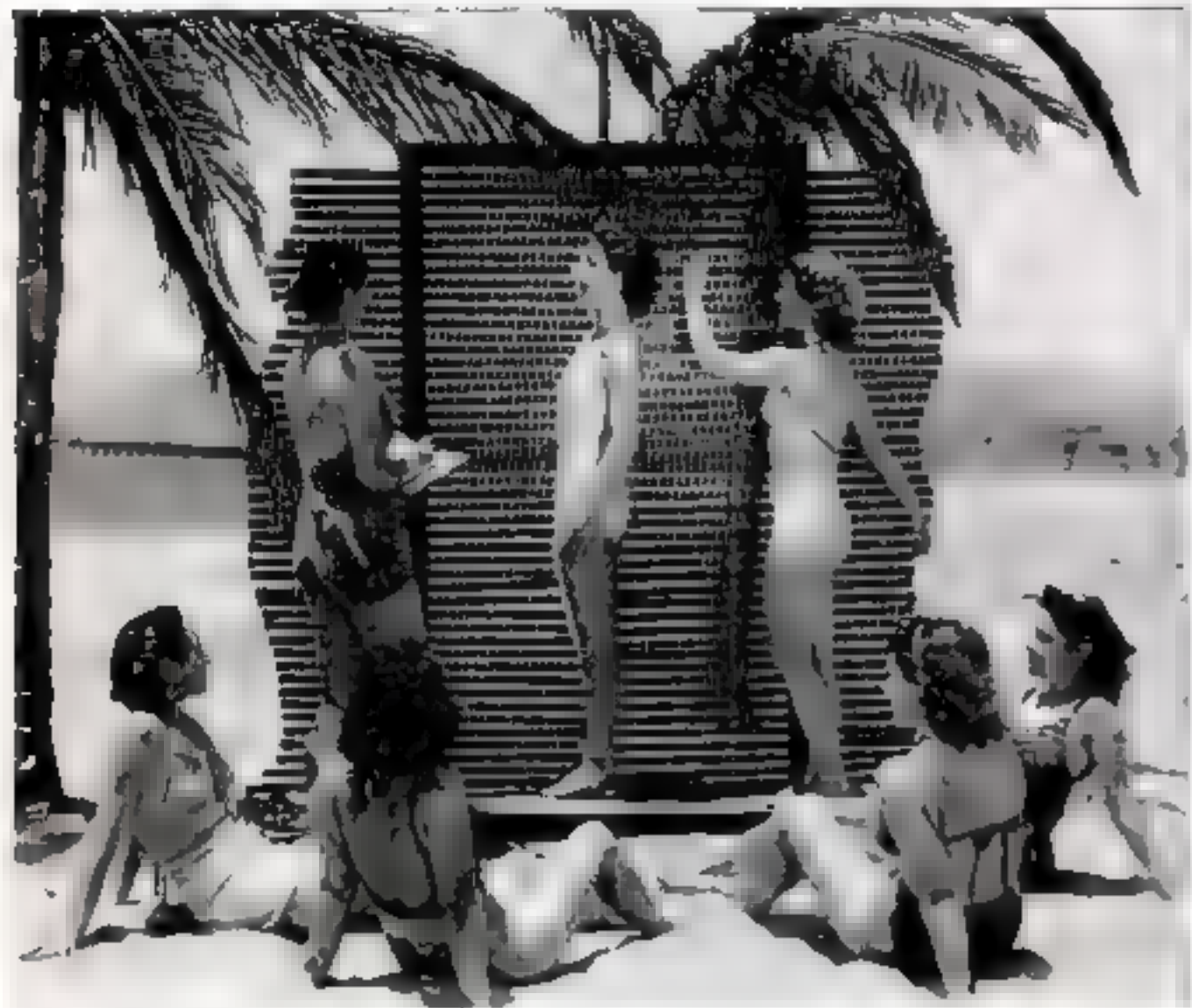
Pontiac

for Pride and Performance



SPEAKING OF PICTURES

(continued)



The "Figureometer" was conceived as a gag during "Miss California" contest. To everyone's surprise it really worked. Adjustable sticks outline girl's figure in frame.

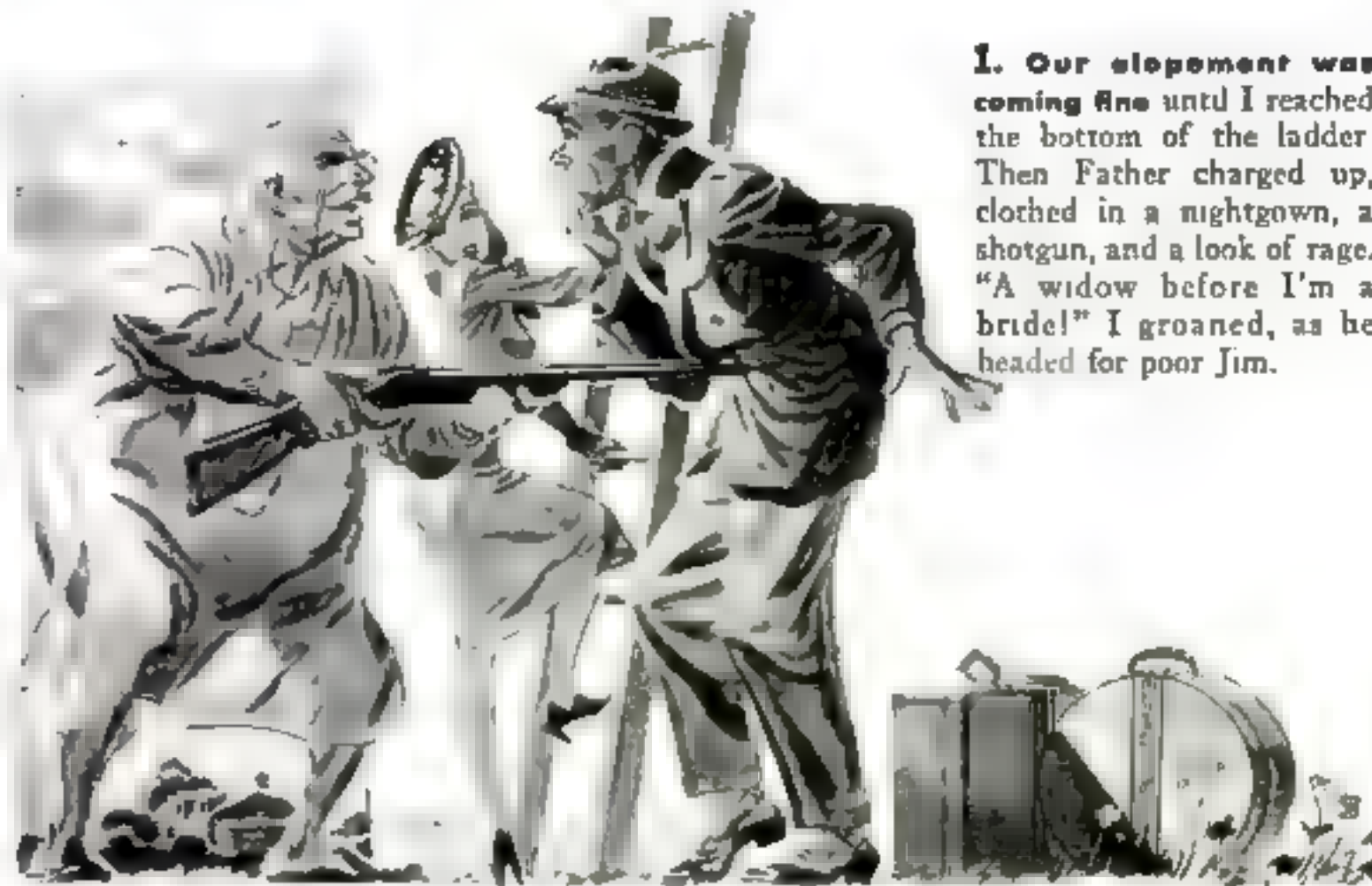


The "Shadowgraph" made its appearance shortly after "Figureometer." A refinement of the previous invention, it was used last summer to measure contesting queens.



The "Nudometer" registers area of skin exposed by any given bathing suit. As a newswreel gag, a lightly clad girl stepped in, caused hand to whirl madly, catch fire.

"Now he wants to Elope with us!"



1. Our elopement was coming fine until I reached the bottom of the ladder. Then Father charged up, clothed in a nightgown, a shotgun, and a look of rage. "A widow before I'm a bride!" I groaned, as he headed for poor Jim.

Copyright, 1930, General Foods Corp.



2. "Eloping, eh?" Father bellowed. "Lucky thing I couldn't sleep tonight! Young lady, get back into the house! And you!" He turned on Jim, making warlike motions with the old family shotgun. "Get out!"



3. When Jim phoned next day, I said "I know what kept Father awake last night. Coffee! He loves coffee, but the caffeine won't let him sleep!" "Oh-ho!" says Jim. "That's easily fixed! Give him Sanka Coffee!"



4. At dinner, Father said: "That coffee smells good! I'll risk one cup—even if it does keep me awake!" "No risk!" says I. "This is Sanka Coffee... 97% caffeine-free, and can't keep you awake!" "Bunk!" growls Father.



5. "Oh, but it's true!" I insist. "Jim's doctor told him the Council on Foods of the American Medical Association says: 'Sanka Coffee is free from caffeine effect and can be used when other coffee has been forbidden!'"



6. Next morning Father chortles: "Slept like a top! Tell Jim I want to talk to your future husband—without the shotgun!" He grins. "We'll plan a real wedding!" P. S. We may have to elope, anyhow—to keep Father from coming with us!



SANKA COFFEE

REAL COFFEE...97% CAFFEINE-FREE...DRINK IT AND SLEEP

TUNE IN "WE, THE PEOPLE"... laughs, pathos, thrills, drama, as real people tell true experiences!—Tuesday evening—Columbia network—see your local paper for time and station.

NOW SELLING AT THE LOWEST PRICE IN HISTORY!

Does *Teeter-Totter Vitality* make you the belle of the ball one night...a wallflower the next?



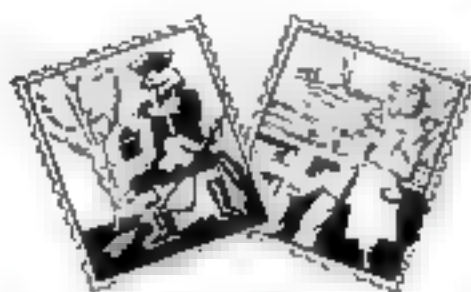
Keep your vitality up!

Drink Horlick's

America's delicious energy-builder



Children regard milk as a delicious treat when Horlick's is added to it. And it's so good for them—helping to build sound teeth, strong bones, muscle. Let your children have plenty of Horlick's.



Storyland Poster Stamps, selected by leading librarians are now free to Horlick users. An album and four stamps will be sent free on receipt of wrapper, or coupon from any Horlick package. Address Horlick's, Dept. L-1A, Racine, Wisconsin 53402.

WHEN you feel "high" one day, "low" the next, your vitality is on a teeter-totter. It probably seesaws up and down because your body isn't regularly receiving an ample supply of vitality-building essentials such as are contained in delicious Horlick's.

How Horlick's Helps Build Vigor

Horlick's contains natural vitamins A, B and C... muscle-building proteins... important minerals calcium and phosphorus. In addition, Horlick's helps speed up your metabolism because the nourishing carbohydrates have been partially pre-digested by hydrolysis and by processing with malt enzymes.

Get the Horlick Habit

Yes, drink delicious Horlick's regularly as many thousands do on the advice of physicians. Drink it at meals, between meals, natural or chocolate flavored. Drink it hot at bedtime; it ends night hunger, helps you awake refreshed. Specify Horlick's—at the fountain, too. And keep handy, candy-like Horlick Tablets in your car, hand-bag, office drawer. Keep your vitality UP!



Horlick's

The Fountain of Youth

LIFE'S PICTURES



Horace Bristol, whose pictures on the Dutch East Indies appear on the cover and on pages 54-65, is shown disembarking from the outrigger that carried him from Java to Bali, a seven-mile voyage. He was away from his home near San Francisco for five months, of which 70 days were spent going to and from the Indies. Bristol had malaria for several weeks and lost all of his hair. It has now grown out again to a length of about 1 1/2 inches. Because exposed but undeveloped films deteriorate rapidly in the tropics, Bristol had to develop his negatives in hotel bathrooms. He brought two-thirds of the films out with him but the rest, which he sent out by air express before he was ready to leave, are still in the hands of the British censors in Singapore. Bristol found the Dutch in the Indies very co-operative in making arrangements for him, but somewhat shy about appearing in pictures themselves.

The following list, page by page, shows the source from which each picture in this issue was gathered. Where a single page is indebted to several sources credit is recorded picture by picture (left to right, top to bottom), and line by line (lines separated by dashes) unless otherwise specified.

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16—C. TEXT & BILDER—MUTO from INT
17—C. TEXT & BILDER
18—ACME, BRITISH PRESS COMBINE PHOTO LTD.—A. P., EUR.
19—ACME
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55—HORACE BRISTOL ASS. CEN. map by T. MOSE & C. TUDOR
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62, 63—HORACE BRISTOL ASS. CEN. HORACE BRISTOL courtesy N. E. I. ARMY AIR CORPS
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GOT A BIRTHDAY?

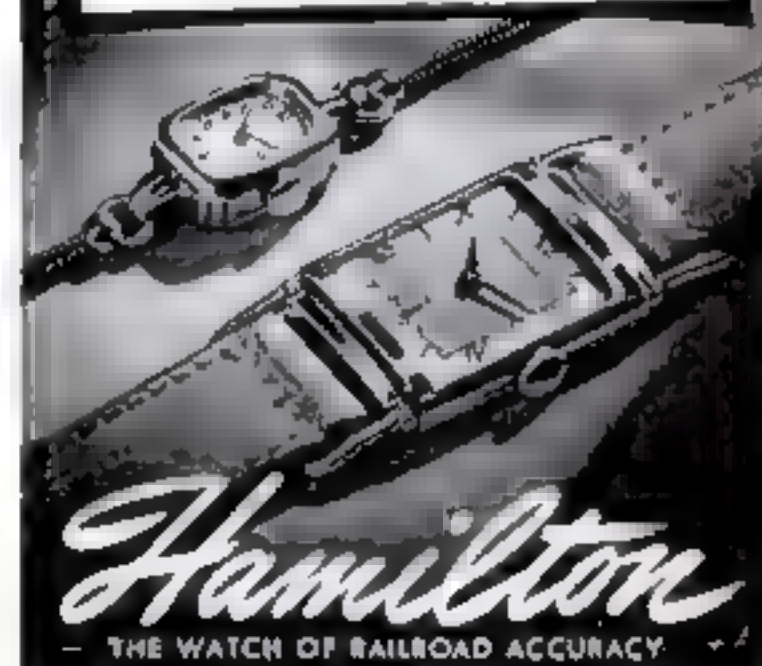


Born January 20th to February 19th? Good! Your sign is Aquarius. Your horoscope for 1940 says: "Things are getting brighter. Who knows—you may even get a handout, the watch of rain and adversity," for your birthday.

FREE! Horoscope booklet for every month of the year. Write to the Hamilton Watch Company, 415 Columbia Ave., Lancaster, Penna.

Hamilton's experience building watches for railroad men makes greatest possible accuracy in every other size and grade. Hamilton makes

Top LORNA, 17 jewels, 14k white or natural gold filled \$2.50. Bottom WILSHIRE, 17 jewels, 14k natural gold filled, \$5.00. Others, \$3.75 to \$5.00.



BERGMANN Ski Boots

dominate Sun Valley skiing



American-made BERGMANN'S now preferred

WHERE formerly they wore imported ski boots, now famous skiers insist on Bergmann's. Here's why! Official records show that Sun Valley tops other American resorts in downhill skiing mileage; and records show that more Bergmann's are worn here than any other ski boot. Bergmann's are built to stand the terrific punishment of downhill action. Enjoy more miles of skiing in Bergmann's—like iron on the outside, bedroom slippers inside. Priced according to hand

made workmanship, they are actually the most economical boot you can buy. \$11.50 to \$25.

Custom Built Hand Made
The Bergmann Shoe Mfg. Co.
Please send me the information and a free catalog with full particulars and name of nearest dealer.
Name _____
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LIFE

LIFE'S COVER. The Balinese children on the cover are subjects of Queen Wilhelmina of The Netherlands in the little Balinese village of Bederlu near Denpasar. In Bali, children dress up and dance just as American children play hide-and-seek. The adults rarely stop to look on. These are doing the "djanger," a dance that has grown out of a trip a Balinese took long ago to Java during which he saw a European troupe do a burlesque show. The boy is 6 years old, the others range from 4 to 7. For more on the Dutch East Indies, turn to page 34.



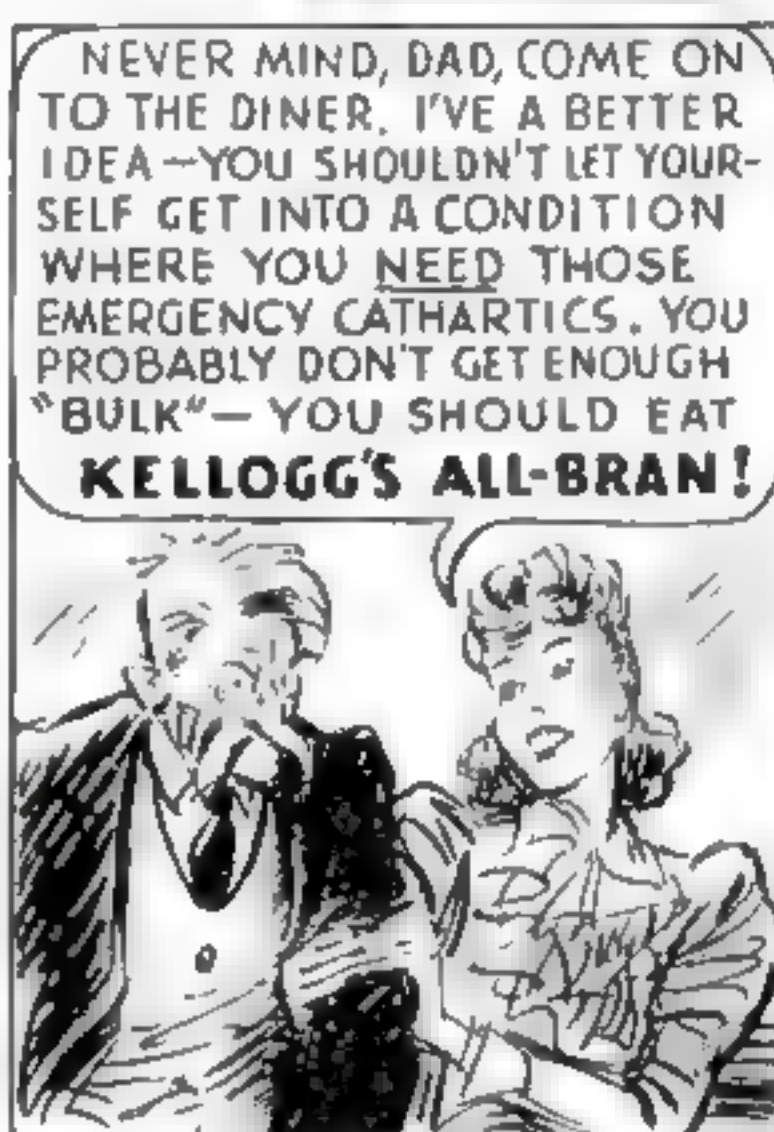
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FAIR ENOUGH!

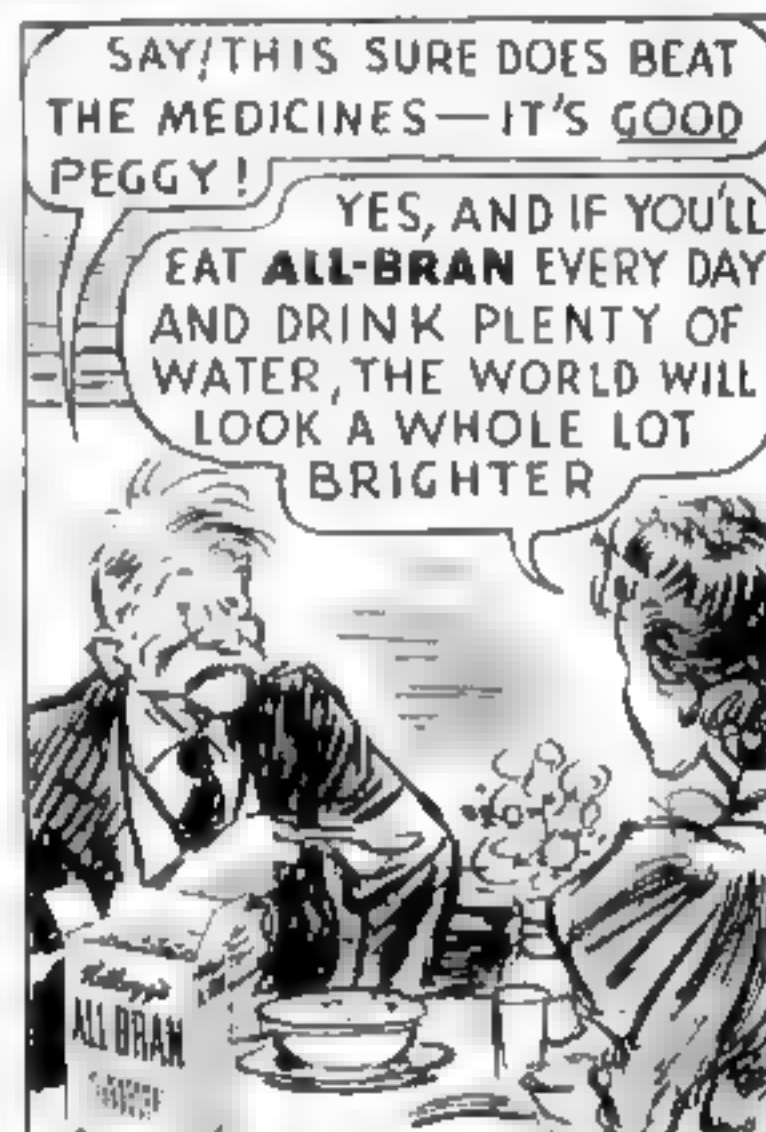
—by C. A. Voight



PEGGY! — WHERE ARE MY PILLS?
YOU KNOW I CAN'T TRAVEL
WITHOUT THEM!



NEVER MIND, DAD, COME ON
TO THE DINER. I'VE A BETTER
IDEA—YOU SHOULDN'T LET YOUR-
SELF GET INTO A CONDITION
WHERE YOU NEED THOSE
EMERGENCY CATHARTICS. YOU
PROBABLY DON'T GET ENOUGH
"BULK"—YOU SHOULD EAT
KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN!



SAY! THIS SURE DOES BEAT
THE MEDICINES—IT'S GOOD
PEGGY!
YES, AND IF YOU'LL
EAT **ALL-BRAN** EVERY DAY
AND DRINK PLENTY OF
WATER, THE WORLD WILL
LOOK A WHOLE LOT
BRIGHTER



SOMETIME LATER

I FEEL
FIFTY YEARS
YOUNG, PEGGY
—NOT A
TROUBLE IN
THE WORLD!

CAN I TAKE
JUST A LITTLE
CREDIT FOR THAT
IDEA ABOUT
ALL-BRAN?

Copyright, 1940, Kellogg Company



Doesn't this sound like common sense about constipation? Instead of enduring it first and trying to cure it afterward, why not avoid both the trouble and the treatment by getting at its cause? You can do it, if your difficulty is the ordinary one (too little "bulk" in the diet). The way is to eat a crisp, crunchy cereal that is particularly rich in "bulk"—Kellogg's All-Bran. Eat it every day, drink plenty of water, and "Join the Regulars"! All-Bran is made by Kellogg's in Battle Creek.

Join the "Regulars" with
KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN

"I stopped pityin' city folks"



1. Home on the farm, I used to feel downright sorry for my nephew in New York, knowin' he couldn't get vegetables with that scrumptious, just-out-of-the-garden flavor. Then I visited him and his wife, and she served a mess of peas that tasted like they were off my own vines. My, they were elegant!



2. Couldn't figure it out, either—seem' it was February. But Ginny—that's my niece—explained they were peas that had all the flavor and freshness sealed right in 'em as soon as they were picked last summer. Seems like an outfit named Birds Eye uses a new, quick-freezing process to do it.



3. She said those peas were so darned tender they cooked in 7 minutes instead of the usual 15. And they come all shelled, too, so there was no more work to preparing 'em than there was in gettin' an egg ready to boil.



4. I calculated such fancy foods must cost fancy prices, but I was wrong again. Ginny pointed out that with Birds Eye she didn't have to pay for pods—just for peas. She said it would take two pounds of unshelled peas to give you the four full servings you get from only one box of Birds Eye Peas. So they really cost less.



5. I stayed with 'em till three days after the blizzard, and we had different kinds of Birds Eye Foods every day. There was two foot of snow on the ground, but we were eatin' just as if it was midsummer down on the farm. Gosh, what won't they think of next!



6. Where can you buy these glorious foods?

You may not always find a Birds Eye dealer right around the corner. For all stores do not yet have these grand foods. But it will be worth your while to look for one. Finding it can bring you the food thrill of your life. Remember, Birds Eye represents only the *top* quality in quick-frozen foods. Therefore, be *sure* you look for the Birds Eye in the window, and the Birds Eye on the package.

Here are a few of these wonderful foods:

Garden-fresh Cauliflower	Fancy Long Island Ducklings
Spinach, already washed	Red Perch Fillets
Tender, young Broccoli	Maine Lobstermeat
Sun-ripened Strawberries	Chopped Steak (not ground)
Peaches, orchard-fresh	Tenderloin Steak (1" thick)

And there are more than 50 others—all cleaned, trimmed, ready to cook or serve. Get a box today!

FARM-FRESH FOODS—IN PACKAGES

Copyright 1940, General Foods Corp.





FINNISH SKI PATROL IN WHITE PULLOVERS AND PANTS SLIDE THROUGH A FINNISH VILLAGE. THE HOUSE ON THE LEFT MARKED HATTULIINE IS A HOUSEWIVES' HAT SHOP

THE FINNS PROVE THEMSELVES THE BEST WINTER SOLDIERS IN THE WORLD

The soldiers of Finland in six weeks of war have made a brave beginning on the most glorious page in Finland's history. If they can fight off the Russian Juggernaut for a few months more, they will have made Finland's name forever.

Never before has a large-scale war been fought under such conditions. Snowflakes fall almost without interruption in the north. The temperatures are such as few civilized men ever feel, even when they are frozen for the latest cold therapy. Often it drops to 40° below zero. Men live and work and fight chilled to the marrow, their faces aching, their fingers and toes numb with pain. They move slowly and awkwardly and they must handle their guns with clumsy, heavily gloved hands, for ice-cold steel virtually burns human flesh.

At best they may crawl into a tent banked with dirt and snow or a dugout covered with fir and spruce branches and warm themselves at a small stove. It is virtually endless night, though a kind of twilight comes and goes between 10 a.m. and 2 p.m.

Finland in January, in fact, is no place to fight a war. Joseph Stahn's imperative demand for a war there is characteristic of the arrogant Czarist and Bolshevik practice of asking sub-normal Russians to achieve su-

perhuman feats on pain of death. The customary result is death.

The Finns are better winter woodsmen than the Russians. They all know how to use a compass. They can all ski, with a minimum waste of effort. Patrols of a squad or a company, like those shown in the picture above, range the silent forests, hear the Russian patrols before they are heard, surround and

destroy them. The Finns know how to track elk, grouse, hares, wolves and Russians and can read the marks on the snow. Above all, they know how to dress for the Arctic and how the cold can kill.

For the first three weeks of this war, the Finns let the Russians stumble deep into north Finland. Then the Finnish ski patrols began slashing at the long Russian communications. Finnish regiments and divisions struck heavily at the junction points of the extended Russian forces, divided them, starved and froze them and then routed them. One heavily mechanized Russian column suffered the same fate that the Italians met at Guadalajara in Spain, when the first crippled tanks on a single narrow road stalled the whole column.

The strange and almost unbelievable fact about Finland is that, situated as it is to the east of the 20th east longitude, beyond which lies the darkness of class tyranny of one kind or another, it is as democratic as the United States' Midwest. It reminds Americans of Minnesota, racially, physically and socially. Here there is no "black bourse" where unpatriotic rich men can salt away their savings in foreign currency. It seems to be true that every Finn, rich or poor, proposes to go down fighting in this war.



Day before Christmas, Helsinki Christmas shoppers break into flight as Russian bombers come. On left is Stockmann's department store on Alexander Street.

RETREATING REDS ABANDON SUPPLIES

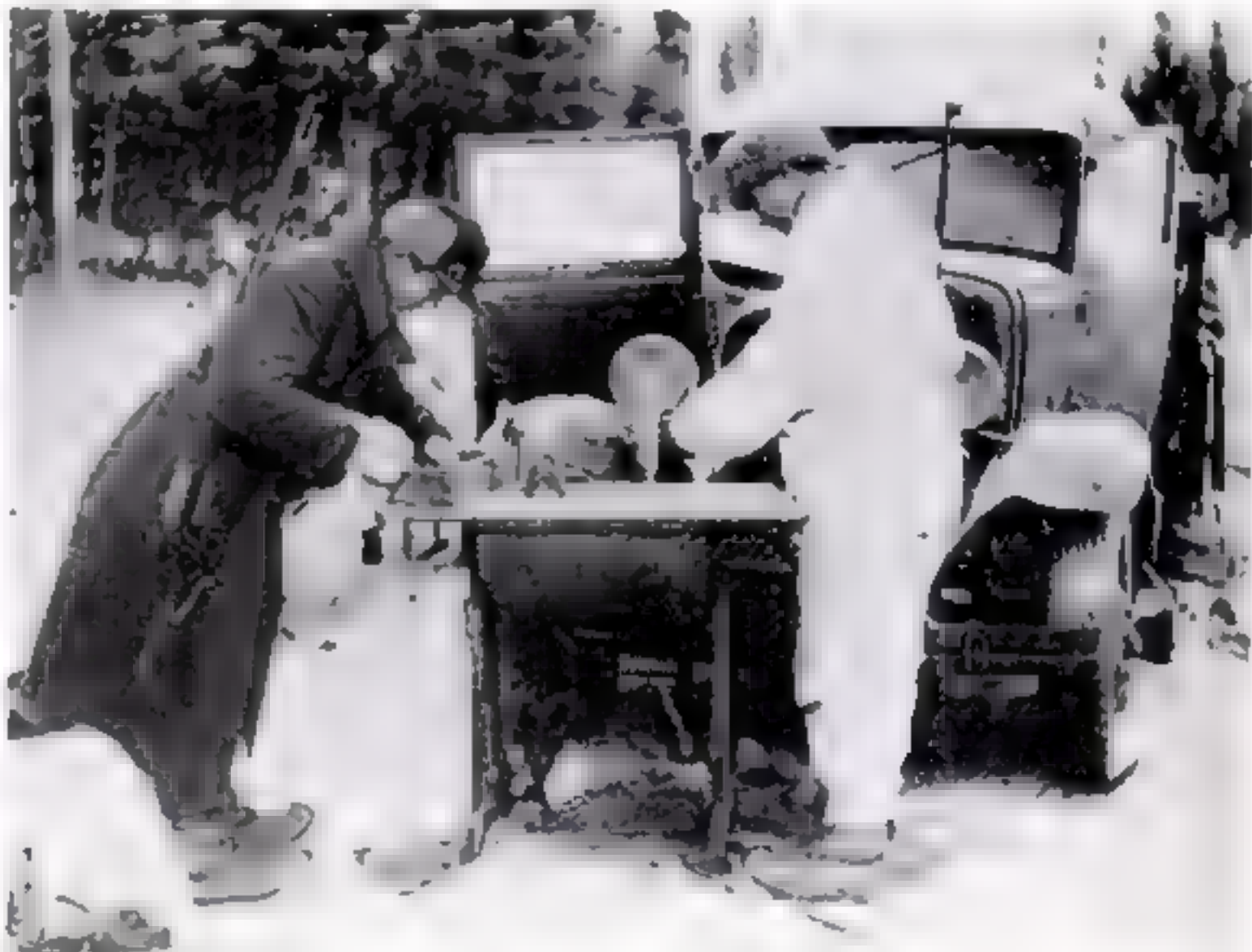
The great victories of the Finnish armies in December and early January did not "annihilate" the Russian units, though they were routed and severely hurt. Last week the Russians were attacking again south of Petsamo and west of Salla, over the dead bodies of their comrades and the scenes of their humiliating defeats. Most of the pictures on these pages show the backwash of these defeats as the Finns came upon the supplies left by the fleeing Russians.

It began to appear that the Russian Army, at first loath to fight the Finnish war, was beginning to get mad. Gigantic losses in men have historically never made much impression on the Russians because with them blood is far cheaper than matériel. They are used to terrible initial mistakes from overconfidence, sloppy staff work and bad supply. Presently the Russians will get their guns and ammunition supply in position on the southern fronts and start blowing the advancing Finns out of the ground.

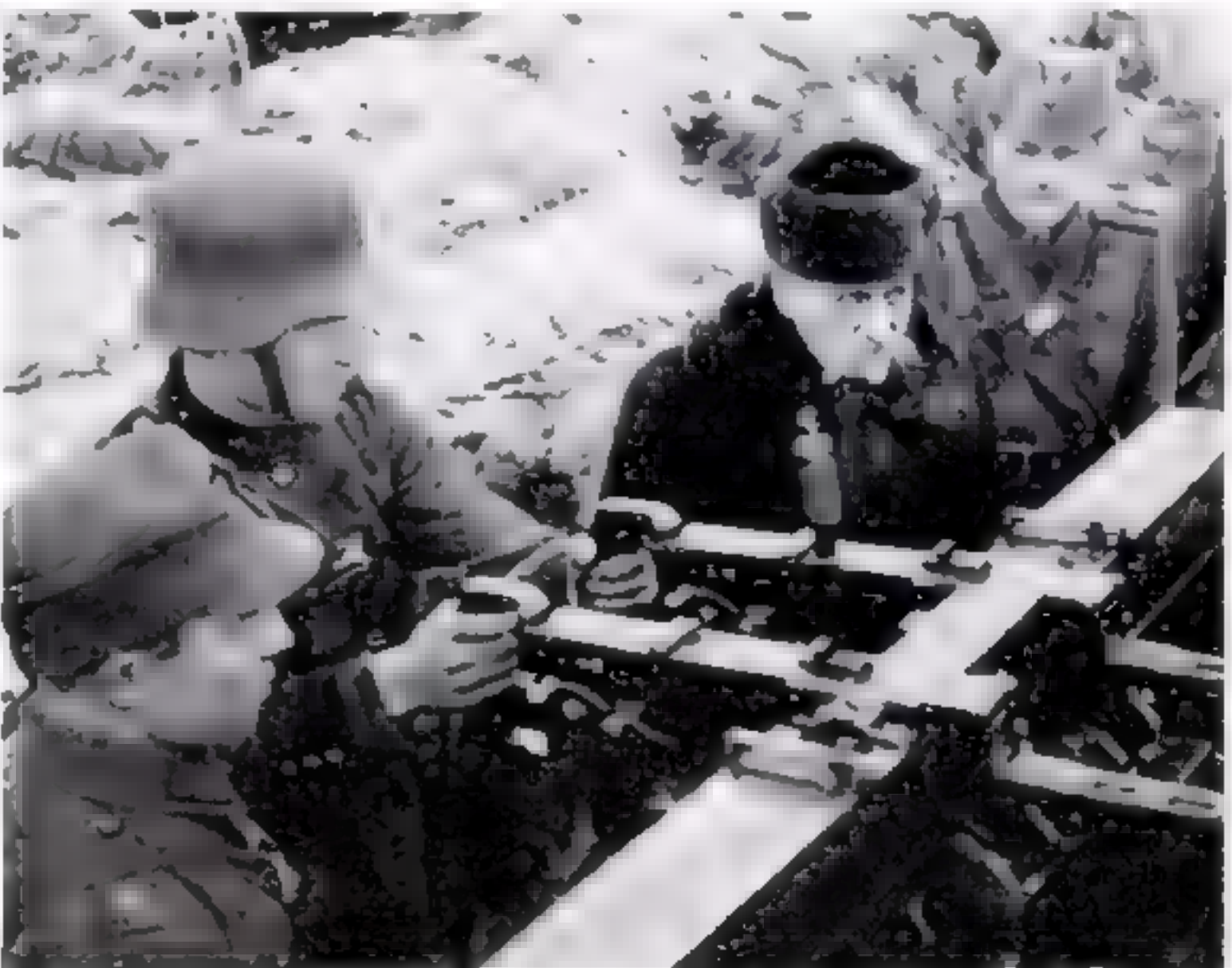
A Finn completely in his element in this war is the major general shown below. He is the same Martti Wallenius whose Fascist friends helped push through the anti-Communist laws in 1930 and whose success so went to his head that in 1932 he led a revolt against the democratic government of Finland. President Pehr Svinhufvud stepped on him heavily, the Finns notably did not rally to Wallenius. He was tried on a charge of having aided the rebellion, and given a suspended three-year sentence. He has since learned his lesson and been taken back in the Army. Under Mannerheim's orders, he is leading the Finns in the north today with boundless gusto and genuine ability.



Russian horses meet the same fate as their masters in northern Finland. One of the sleighs they drew is visible. This is a sample of how the Russians overdid things, for horses are hard to feed.



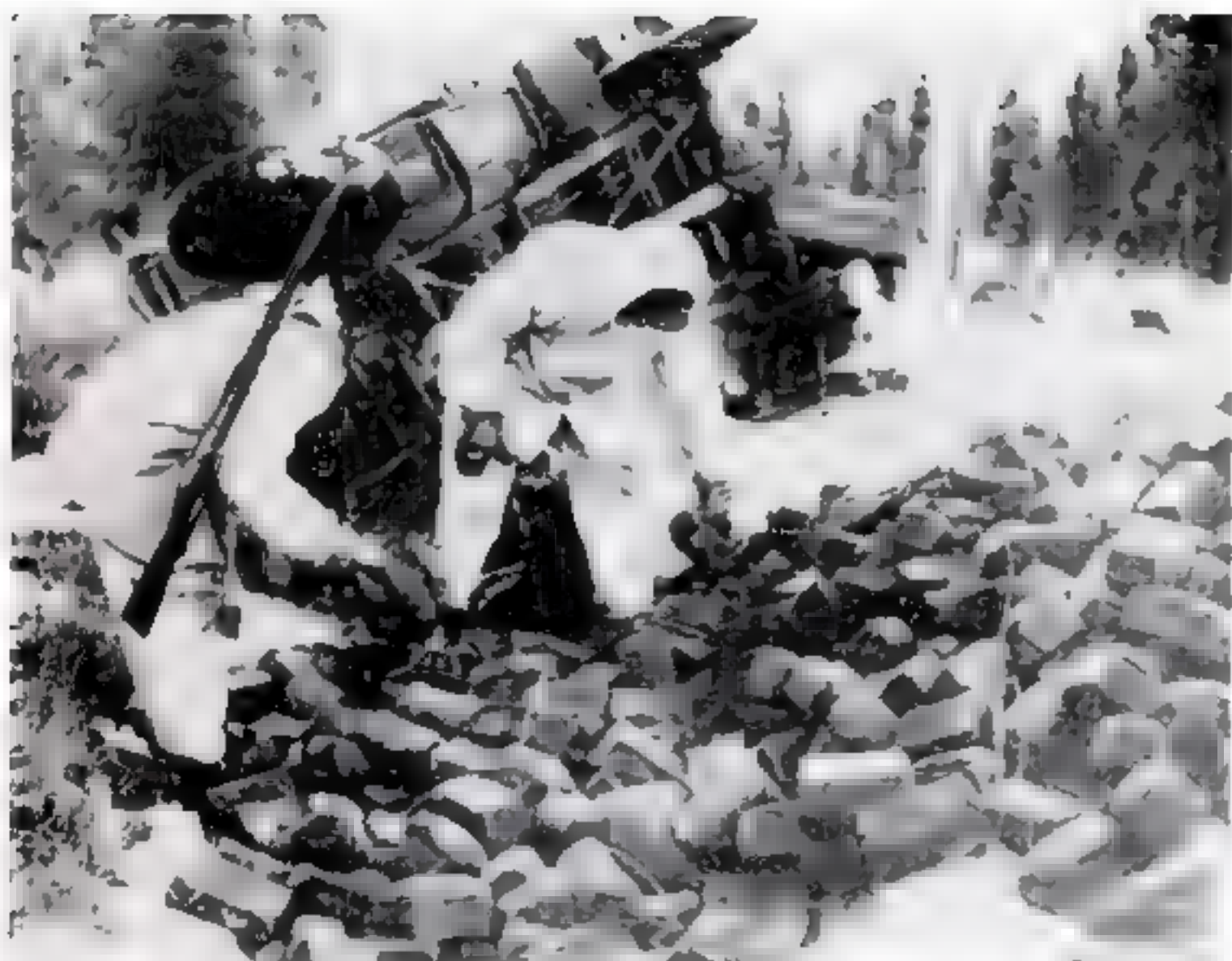
Sewing machine is captured by the Finns as part of a completely equipped Russian supply column. The automobile is a Russian-made Model A Ford. The Finn's rifle is a Russian model too.



Finland's president, Kyösti Kallio, whose first name means First Peasant, watches a Finn use a double-barreled Maxim machine gun on anti-aircraft mount on the Mannerheim Line in the south.



Major General Martti Wallenius, who likes to leave his coat unbuttoned, is in command of the operations in the north, around Salla. He carries a pistol and flashlight at his belt.



Russian black bread from the Ukraine, tumbled out of the wrecked Ford supply truck in background, is examined by Finnish soldiers. Freezing has not spoiled this bread for the Finns.



Finns salvage a little Russian gun-tractor which has run in ditch, broken a link in its right track. They have tried to jack it up, already taken its machine gun. The crew rode under hood.



Winter pastoral showing a red house and snow-mantled telephone poles is spoiled by clouds of black smoke rising from the battle line. Russian bombs last week cut foreign telephone lines.



Fresh pork, preserved by being frozen stiff, is supplied by dumping these fresh-killed Finnish swine behind the front lines. Company cooks cut off what they need as the mess requires it.



Russian prisoner has had wound dressed by Finnish doctors, wears padded cotton.



Russian shoes have cracked and broken out at the toe. Most are of stiff felt with leggings.



Three Russians gingerly hold up their frostbitten hands. Frostbite contracts arteries, first turns hands white, then red and swollen, then blistered like a burn. Then comes gangrene.



Finnish mother and child flee Finland. The child lies in a packing box for Työmies (Workman) cigarettes. They have got as far as Tornio, the chief refugee station across the border from Sweden on the railway that must carry all supplies to hard-pressed Finland. The country they have left behind is due for a large-scale bombing by Russia.

In the far north, a Laplander hitched his household reindeer to a sleigh and moves his family toward the Swedish border. The child is wearing the usual four-cornered Lapp hat, called the hat of the four winds. Reindeer can pull a load for approximately five hours, after which they are completely plugged and need to stop for a rest and a feed.





White-robed Finn kneels like a priest to sight Russian tanks with range finder for the anti-tank gun crew in the fox hole

LIFE ON THE NEWSFRONTS OF THE WORLD

The Navy prepares for the worst; Australia gets a minister; Mussolini fathers Balkan pact

While Admiral Richardson was taking over command of the U. S. Fleet at San Pedro (see pp. 24-25), the big news in Washington was made by another admiral—mild, capable Harold Raynsford Stark, Chief of Naval Operations. For five successive days, Admiral Stark appeared before the House Naval Affairs Committee to plug for Naval Expansion. The Navy already has \$1,200,000,000 authorized for new ships, and the Vinson Bill, which is up for action by the committee, authorizes \$1,300,000,000 more. As outlined by Admiral Stark, the Navy's building program calls for 150 new ships by 1945 or 1946. With



STARK

eight new battleships under construction or ordered, the Navy will concentrate on a new type of cruiser much faster and larger than any now in service, with longer cruising range and bigger guns. These cruisers will be designed for "hemisphere defense." The Vinson Bill would increase the size of the Navy by 25%, maintain the 5-3 ratio with Japan. The Navy, according to Admiral Stark, will then be able to defend the Continental U. S., the Panama Canal and Hawaii against any aggression, but in case of the worst possible danger—a coalition attack by Japan, Germany, Italy and Russia—it could not guarantee to defend the whole western hemisphere. "We might," said the Admiral, "have to sacrifice Southern Brazil."

In a building program of such size, mistakes are bound to happen, and last week it was publicly admitted that the newest destroyers are top-heavy. According to the Navy, the destroyers will be all right with about 60 tons of ballast in them and a few changes which will not cost more than \$230,884.

Man for Down Under. Southward the course of Japan's empire takes its way. This week LIFE examines the Netherlands Indies, on which oil-hungry Japan bends envious eyes (see pp. 54-55). Three hundred miles to the southeast, Australia offers an equally tempting prize to Japan or, should England lose the war, to Germany. As with the Netherlands Indies, if Australia is to be defended against any major attack, either the British fleet or the U. S. fleet must do it. Last week, perhaps against the day when Australia will become an important worry to Americans, the



GAUSS

U. S. Government decided that the time had come to establish full diplomatic relations with Britain's No. 2 Dominion, exchange ministers. As first Minister to the U. S., Australia appointed its Minister of Supply, Richard Gardiner Casey, the dressy "Anthony Eden of Australia." As first Minister to Australia, the U. S. chose Clarence Edward Gauss, regarded by many an admiring American as the ablest U. S. diplomat in the Orient. Hard-boded and short-spoken, Clarence Gauss "fears neither Man, God nor the Devil." Stationed at Shanghai as Consul General and Counselor of Embassy, he has often had to act on his own without

consulting Washington, has shown "a genius for being right." Although very important for the future, his new post at quiet Canberra will be a rest for hard-driving Mr. Gauss.

Help for Finland. At 81, King Gustaf of Sweden lets nothing keep him from his regular game of tennis. The picture below, which arrived in the U. S. last week, shows him at the Royal Tennis Club, being served tea by a girl dressed for the festival of St. Lucia, the bringer of light and cheer. Gustaf opened his Parliament with a promise that Sweden will give Finland "all the humanitarian and material help possible with due consideration for our own position." These were brave words, for Germany has been threatening Sweden if she does not keep strictly neutral. The Stockholm press insisted that Sweden was not bowing to Allied pressure but merely defending her own interests and those of all the Nordic powers against the Slavic push to the West. Swedish workers set aside one day's salary for Finland and Swedish farmers promised one egg from each hen, one day's milk, one sack of flour for each five acres of grain.

With Russian troops still pouring up to their bloody fronts (see pp. 13-17), it was all too clear that Finland's fate depends on its friends. In the same breath that he called the Finnish victory at Suomussalmi "the greatest victory Finland ever won in this war or any other," Foreign Minister V. A. Tanner begged the world not to think the Finns any the less in need of help.

Gustaf's neighbor, King Haakon of Norway, opening his own Parliament, merely wished Finland peace. But Spain was reported shipping Finland the equipment left over from its civil war—Italian, German and Russian. Germany last week returned to Italy the planes which Mussolini had tried to get through to the Finns, but Italian arms and volunteers were passing through France. The Brazilian coffee growers promised 30,000 bags of coffee. In the U. S., Congressmen debated a loan of maybe \$60,000,000, and there was talk of selling Finland a stock of the Army's new Garand semi-automatic rifles at \$1 each.



KING GUSTAF AND "LUCIA GIRL"

No Information. Sir John Reith, the publicity-hating Scot who is England's new Minister of Information, took up his duties in characteristic fashion. Correspondents who gathered to greet him were turned out of his office by his secretary, Viscount Hood. Then the bell of the Ministry rang three times and a press officer stepped to a microphone. "Sir John Reith," he announced, "cannot see journalists."

Balkan Deal. Rumania desperately needs help to defend herself against Russia but dares not let Hungary or Bulgaria cross her borders lest they stay forever. Hungary wants to grab a large chunk of Rumania (Transylvania) but does not want Russia to grab another chunk (Bessarabia) nor Germany to walk over Hungary and take all Rumania. Bulgaria wants still another chunk of Rumania (Dobruja). Out of this snarl, Mussolini has been manfully trying to form some kind of Balkan united front and last week, surprisingly, he seemed to be getting somewhere. Hungary's Foreign Minister, Count Stephen Csaky, conferred in Venice with Italy's Foreign Minister, Count Ciano. Rumania's King Carol and Yugoslavia's Regent Prince Paul went hunting separately near their mutual border and were reported in conference. Balkan dopesters believed Il Duce had finally convinced Count Csaky that, much as Hungary hates Rumania, she had best keep Rumania whole as a bulwark against Russia. The Balkan united front, under Italian auspices, would then line up something like this: Hungary to drop her claim on Transylvania for the duration of war; Rumania to promise territorial settlements after the war to both Hungary and Bulgaria; Italy to aid Hungary in event of Russian or German attack; Yugoslavia to allow Italian troops to cross her territory.

Racial Purify Note. In Weimar, Germany, Anne Hoffman, 19, was sentenced to seven years in jail for having intimate relations with a Polish prisoner of war. The State's Attorney asked for a five-year term but the court raised it to seven.

PICTURE OF THE WEEK

To start off the "March of Dimes" drive for the national infantile paralysis fund, Mrs. Roosevelt visited the Children's Hospital in Washington. There she met Dolores Francis, who laid her thin leg on Mrs. Roosevelt's knee; Eugene Corrado, who showed her his left arm in a brace; and dozens of other victims of "polio" (poliomyelitis) to whom Mrs. Roosevelt's husband is both inspiration and benefactor. One little boy told her he had to do exercises with his arm every day because he could not throw a ball. "I told him," said Mrs. Roosevelt in *My Day*, "that if he kept at it steadily, some day he would find that the power was there, but what I didn't tell him was that the character he would develop by sticking to those daily exercises would serve him better in after life than almost anything acquired in school."





Earnestly Mr. Hull reiterates his lifelong conviction: 1) that sustained prosperity comes only to a world at peace; 2) that peace comes only through flourishing international trade.

HULL UPHOLDS TRADE ACT BEFORE HOUSE COMMITTEE

At right you see a picture of a man defending his life work. It is Cordell Hull, Secretary of State, caught by the camera as he stood before the House Ways and Means Committee on Jan. 11, stating in 6,000 measured words his reasons why Congress should extend for another three years the Reciprocal Trade Agreements Act.

All his political life Mr. Hull has preached that "nations cannot sell without buying." As he uttered that phrase again last week he knew he was posing a postulate for a great national debate. He knew that in Congress Republican leaders were preparing an offensive against him, hoping to cut down not only a potential Presidential candidate but the current edifice of Democratic low-tariff policy.

More than any other issue, Protectionism vs. Free Trade has been the historic divider of American political parties. It is Mr. Hull's pride that at no time in history have tariff readjustments been made with greater care, accuracy and solicitude for the country as a whole than in his six years of work on the 22 existing trade agreements. To back his claims he adduced statistics showing that, between 1934 and 1938, U. S. exports to trade-agreement countries had increased 61%; that U. S. farm cash income had risen from \$4,700,000,000 in 1932 to \$7,600,000,000 in 1938, exclusive of benefit payments.

Next day Secretary of Agriculture Henry Wallace was summoned to testify for the nation's farmers, loud opponents of the Trade Agreements Act. Vigorously endorsing the Hull program, Mr. Wallace exclaimed: "God help the farmer if a special session of Congress should be called to revise the tariff!"



Resignedly Mr. Hull listens to his Republican opponents. One told him: "If you are elected President, we will admit your agreements are superior to the Hawley-Smoot idea."



Cordell Hull addresses the Ways and Means Committee on his reciprocal trade agreements program. In this fine photograph you see him standing in left foreground, read-

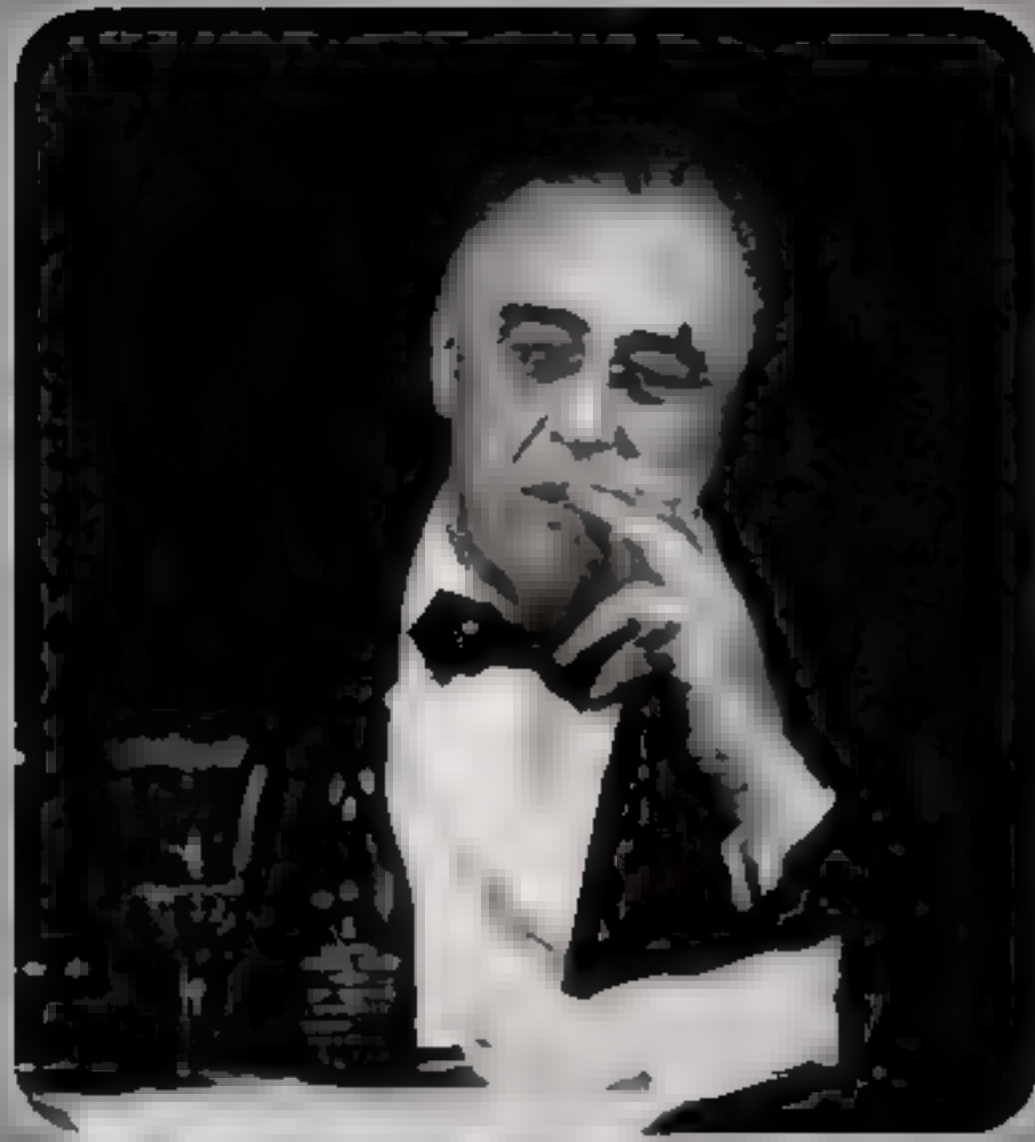
ing his prepared arguments to the committeemen behind their curved, carved desk. He knows the ten Democrats at left are with him to a man. They are: Pennsylvania's



Boland, Virginia's Robertson, Michigan's Dingell, Missouri's Duncan, California's Buck, Indiana's Boehne, Tennessee's Cooper, Massachusetts' McCormack, New York's

Cullen and North Carolina's Doughton, who has been chairman of the big powerful committee for last seven years. To right of Mr. Doughton sit Republicans, who, in the main,

oppose Mr. Hull. They are, Massachusetts' Treadway, New York's Crowther and Minnesota's Knutson. Absent or not showing are seven other Republicans, five Democrats.





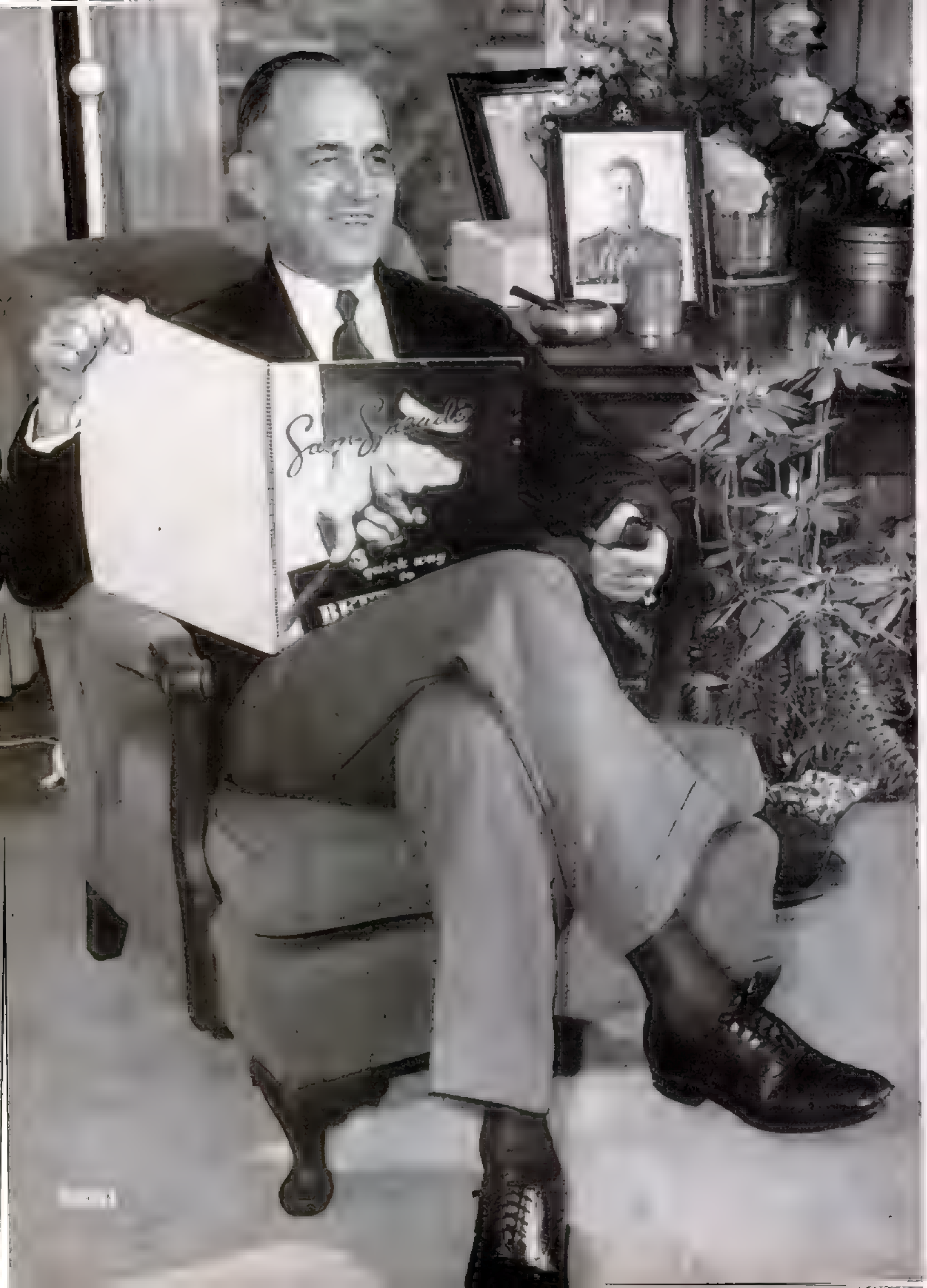
ROOSEVELT AND GARNER PUT ON COMEDY ACT AT A JACKSON DAY DINNER

A couple of old pranksters like Franklin Roosevelt and John Garner never allow a little thing like the fact that one wants the other's job to interfere with their fun. On Jan. 8 they sat together at the Jackson Day dinner in Washington and had a whale of a time. The scenes at bottom, made by Movietone News, show them when Garner was called upon to speak. "Cactus Jack" rose, bowed and, amid much Presidential ribbing, sat down again. The pictures at top were taken by LIFE's Thomas D. McAvoy during Postmaster General Farley's speech.

The President was full of jokes. He congratulated the 1,000 Democrats on their "willingness to pay \$100 for a \$10 dinner, the fortune for at the whole of it." He posted the three Republican leaders, Martin, Austin and McNary, who had turned down invitations to a banquet with "all the fixins free, no cover charge, no \$100 check, no tip, 'nothin' to sign and nothin' to jinx." He recalled the story of a schoolboy, "little Charlie McNary," who told his teacher he did not want to go to Heaven. "You don't want to go to Heaven?" asked the teacher. "Sure I want to go to Heaven," said Charlie, "but—pointing to the rest of the class—"not with this bunch."

In 46 other cities Democrats ate meals costing from \$50 (New York) to \$1 (Macon, Ga.). All together the Jackson Day dinners were expected to net \$700,000, turning the Democratic Party deficit into a surplus of \$480,000. Speakers in Chicago, Des Moines, Cleveland and New York plumped for a Roosevelt third term but in Washington the President contented himself with urging the Party to find a man who could make a strong play for the floating independent vote. Winning candidates, he said, were ones who could swing the independent liberals. "Faint," he added, "too modest to refer to recent elections."







Heavy canvas awnings are rigged over the quarterdeck of the flagship *Pennsylvania* to protect braided, cocked-hatted officers from untimely rain on the day of the transfer ceremony.



The decks are swept and dried. The sailors at the left are using rubber squeegees, the ones at the right are using brooms. Outside the lifelines (center) is an electrically operated life buoy.

NEW COMMANDER IN CHIEF TAKES OVER U. S. FLEET

Thirty-four guns roared over the waters of San Pedro harbor, home base of the U. S. Fleet, the morning of Jan. 7. From the mainmast of the flagship *Pennsylvania*, a blue flag with four white stars fluttered down; another was broken out in its place. On deck Admiral Claude C. Bloch, commander in chief for the last two years, turned over the most powerful fleet in U. S. history to tall 61-year-old Admiral James Otto Richardson, and stepped down with the rank of rear admiral to command the 14th Naval District, headquarters Pearl Harbor, Hawaii.

America's new CINCUS (Commander in Chief, U. S.) is the third Texan to assume the supreme sea command in the last ten years. A 1902 honor man at Annapolis, he served during the World War as executive officer aboard the *Nerada*, has since been chief of staff of the Fleet, assistant chief of naval operations, commander of the battle force. He is one of the most popular and versatile men who ever flew an admiral's flag. Known to juniors as "Uncle Jo," he is a skilled dialectician, chef (specialty: goulash), rose gardener, angler, and expert in gunnery, engineering and tactics. He is one of the best bridge and poker players on the high seas. The picture opposite shows him at home in Long Beach, studying to improve his golf—which he shoots in the 80's. Framed photo of King George is a memento of last summer's royal visit, during which Admiral Richardson served as naval aide.



Farewell message is read by retiring CINCUS Bloch. "The Fleet," said he, "is ready to fight." Admiral Richardson stands at far right.



The new commander in chief poses for the press. On his epaulets are four stars of a full admiral. Over his heart

he wears: Spanish Campaign Medal, Philippine Campaign Medal, Victory Medal with Atlantic Fleet Clasp.

NEW WATERWAYS CARRY RUSSIAN-GERMAN TRADE

Russia last week announced its modernization of an old 100-mile canal, to be completed April 15, linking Pinsk on the Pripet River with Brest-Litovsk on the Bug and thus creating a third water route over which a large share of Russian wheat, salt, metal and oil supplies for war-crimped Germany must flow.

As shown on the map below, this canal will furnish the missing link connecting the Black and Baltic seas by use of the Dnieper, Pripet, Bug and Vistula rivers, leading from the Black Sea to Danzig on the Baltic. It will also connect the Black with the North Sea through the Hohenzollern and Midland canals near Berlin, which meet the Elbe, Weser and Rhine rivers on their way to the North Sea.

There will thus be a third transcontinental water route tying Russia and Germany together. The first goes up the Volga River from the Caspian Sea oil region to Leningrad Canal and on to Leningrad where cargoes are shipped down Baltic to North Germany. The second, frozen at least a month each year but useful for oil shipments coming from the Baku fields and put into tankers at Batum, goes up Danube from its Black Sea outlet to Regensburg. Eventually the replacement of the old Ludwig Canal between this city and Mainz and Rhine rivers will effectively connect the North and Black seas a second time.

Meanwhile, Germany, in opening the new Adolf Hitler Canal (right), took a first step towards linking its Silesian coal deposits in Poland near Gleiwitz with the Danube River in the south and, through the Oder River, with the Berlin water route in the north.



The new Adolf Hitler Canal, 25 mi. long, was opened Dec. 8 by Rudolf Hess, No. 3 Nazi. This is the first barge to use it. It links Germany's newly acquired coal deposits in Silesia

near Gleiwitz with Cosel on the Oder River. A new 200-mi. canal, on which work has just begun, will join Cosel with the great Danubian waterway at Pressburg (see map below).



Three navigable water routes will carry Russian supplies to Germany when new canal between Pinsk and Brest-Litovsk

links Black, Baltic and North seas. Two routes now used connect Caspian and Baltic seas via Volga River and Black

Sea with Germany via the Danube. Bad railroad connections in these regions make water transport more efficient.

WHY NIBLETS CORN GETS BETTER EVERY CROP

BRAND

"CUSTOM-MADE" TO SUIT THE BEST APPETITES IN AMERICA



NIBLETS BRAND
REG. U. S. P.
PAT. OFF.

What in the world is this fellow doing?

Well, he is doing something to help make Niblets Corn a tenderer, tastier product.

He is putting a parchment bag over the tassels to prevent the pollen on the tassel from reaching the silk on the ear, which, as an added precaution, is covered with a similar sack.

This is necessary to prevent haphazard fertilization.

At the proper time we remove the parchment bags and dust the right pollen on the right silk to make sure we produce the ideal corn plant.

If inbreeding is desired—and this is necessary to purify and fix the qualities of a certain strain—the pollen is dusted onto the silk of the same plant.

If cross-breeding is desired and this



Niblets Brand Corn comes to you sliced from the cob and packed fresh in special vacuum tins, ready to heat and serve. **LOOK FOR THE GREEN GIANT ON THE LABEL**

is necessary to combine the desirable characteristics of different strains—the pollen from the tassel of one plant is dusted onto the silk of another plant.

For 20 years this kind of work has been going on in the experimental fields of the Minnesota Valley Canning Company at Le Sueur, Minnesota.

We pioneered this work to produce a better type of corn for your table. Starting with 2000 different varieties, we have narrowed it down to one champion breed (D-138). But this variety is improved every year by breeding in a little more succulent flavor, a little

more kernel depth, a more tender skin, and a little better color.

Sometime if you are motoring in Minnesota we hope you will visit Le Sueur (about 50 miles southwest of Minneapolis on Route 169). We have some crackerjack farmers up here who would like to take you behind the scenes and show what we are doing to give you a little more fun in eating.

Packed only by the Minnesota Valley Canning Company, Le Sueur, Minnesota, and Fine Foods of Canada, Ltd., Toronto, Ontario. Also packers of the following exclusive brands: Del Marz Corn (Cream Style), Niblet-ears (Corn-on-the-Cob) and Green Giant Peas.



Geraldine Fitzgerald says: "It's as lovely as a dream come true!"



Among the brilliant "comers" of the silver screen, Geraldine Fitzgerald, of Warner Bros. Studio, ranks high. Dainty, petite, now starring in "A Child is Born." Here's what she had to say in a recent interview:

"You know how you dream that, when you make a home of your own, everything will be just perfect? Especially your table appointments—your silver?"

"Well, when I came upon 1847 Rogers Bros.' new pattern recently, I had the feeling, 'Here's my dream, come true.' In its rich, high-raised center motif and its delicate chasing, it's just my idea of the nth degree of beauty in silver. No wonder it's called 'Adoration'! I love every detail of it. Be sure to see it and see if you don't love it, too."

1847 ROGERS BROS.

"AMERICA'S FINEST SILVERPLATE"



Look for this Engagement Time display and real news! in your dealer's window. Starting sets of 1847 Rogers Bros. are at the lowest prices in years. Service for 6, \$28.95; service for 8, \$37.95. Choose any 1847 Rogers Bros. pattern (every piece bears the famous 1847 year-mark to prove it authentic). See your dealer tomorrow. Ask about easy terms. International Silver Company, Meriden, Conn.



Which is your taste? Perhaps it's "Adoration," Geraldine Fitzgerald's choice. Never before except in solid silver has a motif reached such height of ornament. Or "First Love"—which is the choice of another fa-

mous star—and also has like-sterling beauty. Or "Lovelace"—still another star's favorite—which borrows a bride's orange blossoms for its rich motif. See all the 1847 Rogers Bros. beauties at your dealer's.



The Joad family takes this shape when it emerges from Steinbeck's novel on to the screen. Starting from left: Gram-pa, who cannot bear to leave the farm; Rosasharn, who is

bearing a child; Ma, who struggles to hold family together; Pa, who looks in vain for the promised land; Tom (Henry Fonda), who becomes a fugitive from justice; Winfield and

Ruth, who grow up fast; Noah, who wanders away; Uncle John, who remains loyal; Al, who drives the truck, Connie, who deserts Rosasharn, and Casy, who quits preaching.



In an old truck, homemade from a Hudson Super-Six sedan, the Joads, driven from their eroded farm,

prepare for the arduous journey along Highway 66 to California. Before leaving, Tom inspects the tires.

MOVIE OF THE WEEK:

The Grapes of Wrath

Zanuck's sharecroppers are true to life

No book in a decade has aroused such controversy as *The Grapes of Wrath*, John Steinbeck's 600-page saga of migrant Oklahoma sharecroppers. To some it is the *Uncle Tom's Cabin* and *Les Misérables* of the century, even "the greatest novel written by an American." To others it is so "vile," "obscene" and "exaggerated" that it has been reviled by clubwomen, condemned by businessmen and banned by libraries.

When Darryl Zanuck bought it last April for \$75,000, top movie price for any 1939 novel, he was accused of seeking to shelve it to protect banking interests, of planning to pull its punches against the maltreatment of those harassed dust-bowl victims who struggled westward across mountain and desert in search of new life and hope. For eight months he worked on it in secrecy behind guarded 20th Century-Fox doors. Both he and Director John Ford (*The Informer*, *Stagecoach*) ignored threats of box-office boycott by organizations of California agriculturists and publicity boycott by Western newspapers.

Now ready for release in first-run movie houses, Zanuck's *The Grapes of Wrath*, to his credit, makes no compromises, pulls no punches. Bitter, authentic, honest, it marches straight to its tragic end with a reality that suggests a superb newsreel, with a courage that merits a badge of honor for the U.S. movie industry.

Women over 27

BEWARE THESE THIEVES OF YOUTH



LINES AROUND THE EYES



DROOP AT MOUTH CORNERS



SAG BELOW THE CHIN LINE



Guard that fresh young look with the cream especially formulated to help retard "age signals"

TO MEET the needs of skin during the "dangerous age," Elmo has created for women over 27 a cloud-light, richly lubricating cream—*Elmo Texture Cream*. Depend on it to help retard the lines and facial "sag" which steal away skin freshness!

Pat Elmo Texture Cream over your face and neck every night. Feel how its precious oils soften parched, tired skin! Discourage mouth-droop with an upward patting of Texture Cream at the mouth corners. Spank the cream under your chin with the back of your hand to stimulate, to help prevent crepsiness!

Kind to Delicate Tissue!

And, to aid in retarding the formation of age lines, gently pat this cloud-light cream under the eyes. Elmo Texture

Cream never drags or pulls—it's kind as a spring zephyr to delicate skin tissue!

Start this very night to see what a great help it is in retarding "age signals"! You'll love the delicate scent, the sweet-heart-rose tint of Elmo Texture Cream! Texture Cream, and all Elmo aids to loveliness, are modest in price—at your favorite cosmetic counter.



TEXTURE CREAM
BY Elmo

Philadelphia • San Francisco

"The Grapes of Wrath"

(continued)



THOMAS BENTON, GREAT MISSOURI ARTIST, MADE THIS LITHOGRAPH OF



Stopped in the desert by agricultural inspectors, Ma Joad tells them Grandma is desperately sick, wins permission to proceed without unpacking. Grandma dies soon after the journey began and was buried at the roadside with his name in a fruit jar.

"It's California!" cry the Joads when, in the glow of dawn, they look down on a valley with vineyards, farmhouses and fruit trees set in rows. Only then does Ma tell the family that Grandma died during the night, before the inspectors seized them.





THE JOAD FAMILY EXODUS FROM THEIR FARM IN THE OKLAHOMA DUST BOWL



A fight in Hooverville breaks out when a labor agent refuses to tell the Okies how much he will pay them. During the melee a deputy shoots the knuckles off a woman's hand, Tom Joad trips him up and Casy, the preacher, kicks him unconscious.

To Government camp committee comes warning of a raid on the Saturday dance. Tom helps thwart the raid. Knowing he is hunted for slugging the vigilante who killed Casy, Tom says farewell to family, who continue their hapless wanderings.



*Each Glass
Invites Another!*

● Try Blatz Old Heidelberg Beer today. Taste that Special Pilsener flavor. It's not bitter; it's not sweet—it's just what you want. And only Blatz has it! Blatz is so smooth-tasting. Its taste invites glass after glass. Look for it in the new clear glass bottle that lets you see what you are drinking!

BLATZ BREWING CO., MILWAUKEE, WIS.
89 years of brewing experience—established 1851



Blatz

Old Heidelberg Beer

Copyright © 1931 Blatz Brewing Co., Milwaukee, Wis.

POCKETS FOR NO PURPOSE ARE FASHION'S NEWEST DECORATION

Soldiers, hunters, mailmen, mechanics, little boys and their fathers have many pockets in their clothes. These they use for carrying numerous useful articles and accumulated junk. Now, suddenly, in the women's fashion field, pockets as big as pouches are plastered on coats, dresses, slacks and evening gowns.

In Europe, where women must go forth carrying gas masks and numerous identification papers and ration cards, big pockets may serve a functional purpose. In the United States, where women of fashion demand delivery on items no heavier than a powderpuff, they serve no purpose other than decoration. Furthermore, since a pocket stuffed with anything bulkier than a folded handkerchief is anathema to chic, American women will wear pockets but no one expects them to use them.

Pockets were the sensation of the midseason collections in Paris. Schiaparelli showed them on suits and dresses, for evening as well as daytime wear, called them "cash and carry" pockets. Other designers had military pockets, knapsack pockets and pockets like kangaroos' pouches. By mid-December, stores throughout the U. S. were promoting pocket fashions, crediting them to French *couturiers*.

To the talented American designer, Clare Potter, this hullabaloo over French pockets was another proof of American subservience to Paris. In her October collection of clothes for Southern resort wear, Clare Potter used big pockets as a new decorative motif. On page opposite is an example of Clare Potter's use of pockets. Below is an adaptation of a Schiaparelli pocket.

For an example of a boy's functional use of pockets, turn page.



"Cash and carry" pockets adapted from Schiaparelli's trench coat. Gilt buttons have an "S" on them. In cadet blue, army tan, or red gabardine, coat costs \$65.

"UMM—SO YOU'RE USING A BETTER WHISKEY?"

"NOPE—A BETTER MIXER"



GOOD WHISKIES

DESERVE

White Rock

ALL OTHER WHISKIES

NEED IT!



Not bottled, carbonated
local tap-water...



—but pure mineral
spring water that
improves your drink.



"Sandwich pockets" on a Clarepotter dinner dress hang from waist, are not attached to the skirt. Other Clarepotter pockets are boldly outlined in contrasting colors.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

For Distinguished Services



FULL-COLOR REPRINTS
SUITABLE FOR FRAMING

Six 9 x 12 prints of Scotch
officers' Edition No. 2, with-
out advertising sent upon re-
ceipt of 25¢ Schenley Import
Corp., New York City, Dept. Y.

HONOURS OF *The Seventeenth Lancers* (DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE'S OWN)

Alma Balaklava *Inkerman* Sevastopol *Central India* South Africa, 1879, 1900-02
Festubert, 1914 *Somme*, 1916, '18 *Marval* *Cambrai* 1917, '18 *St. Quentin*
Avre *Hazebrouck* *Amiens* *Pursuit to Mons*
France and Flanders, 1914-18

HONOURS
OF DEWAR'S

"White Label" THE MEDAL SCOTCH
OF THE WORLD

Award, won at Lucerne,
Switzerland, 1923... one of
more than 60



medals honoring Dewar's
White Label for Excellence
in Scotch Whisky

Your intelligence service will tell you the order
of the day . . . and night . . . is DEWAR'S *White*
Label. For, of all Scotches, this gallant cam-
paigner alone has won more than 60 medals of
honour for distinguished service. Command
DEWAR'S *White Label* and soda . . . the high-
ball of the highlands . . . and be "At Ease!"



Both 86.8 Proof • Blended Scotch Whisky
Copr. 1940, Schenley Import Corp., New York.



White Label
years old

Victory Vats
years old
also known as
No Plus Ultra



Dewar's "White Label"

The Medal SCOTCH of the World

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY

DREAM SUIT OF MADISON SQUARE

On the foregoing pages are pictures of pockets used to prettify women's clothes. On these pages are pockets such as most boys dream of but few boys attain.

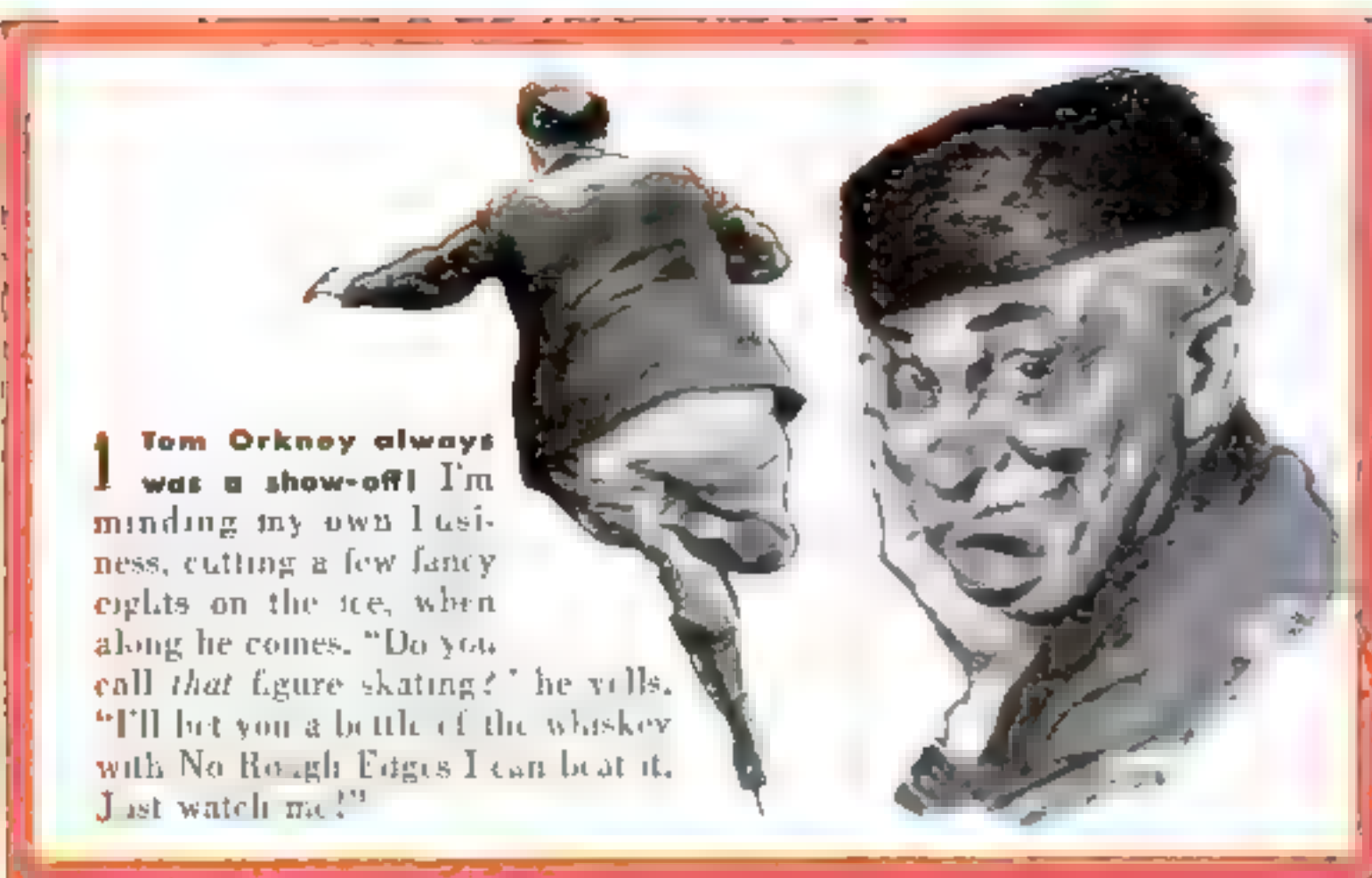
The suit being modeled here by 12 year old Timothy Ivons is the result of an objects-in-pockets survey conducted at the Madison Square Boys Club in New York. There 1,500 boys gather after school to study, work and play. Occasionally a contest is held with prizes for the boy with the most miscellaneous collection of things in his pockets. From these pocket emptying



Front pockets hold a feather, match covers, corkscrew, pallock, ticket, gas tip, porcelain mixture, turtle, fishing line, rubber-plate clamp, roll of wire, Luno, wasser



Inside pockets hold sandwich, orange, apple, knife, handkerchief, canly. Back pockets have bean shooter, hot air Luno, chalk, straw lever, wulow fastener



1 Tom Orkney always was a show-off! I'm minding my own business, cutting a few fancy eighties on the ice, when along he comes. "Do you call that figure skating?" he yells. "I'll bet you a bottle of the whiskey with No Rough Edges I can beat it. Just watch me!"



2 He goes into a whirl and—smack! I couldn't

help laughing when he landed on—er—the ice. And that swell TEN HIGT sure Doubled My Enjoyment! "This must cost plenty," I say when I taste it. "See—you don't know anything about figures," he says. "Doubly smooth TEN HIGT costs about half what you think!"

GET THAT
TEN HIGH
SMILE

WHY DON'T YOU
TRY TEN HIGH
MISTER? THIS RICH
WHISKEY WITH
"NO ROUGH EDGES"
IS EASY ON THE OLD
BANK ROLL, TOO.

90 proof

Hiram Walker
& Sons Inc.
Peoria, Illinois

STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY • STRAIGHT RYE WHISKEY

Double
your enjoyment
with Ten High



BOYS CLUB HAS 23 POCKETS

sessions, young Abe Rosenberg, a volunteer teacher at the club whose profession is designing hunting and fishing clothes, got the idea of making a suit with enough pockets to hold all the things an unrepressed lad would want to carry.

Mr. Rosenberg's suit has 23 pockets and 27 slide fasteners. The seat of the pants has a waterproofed lining. Because boys are always losing their caps, the coat has an attached hood which, when zipped down the center, becomes a collar. Although Timmy has some 35 objects stored in his pockets, he can turn cartwheels and not lose a one.



Skate pocket goes clear across the back, is reinforced so skates won't break through. Small trouser pocket, called the "LaGuardia" pocket, is for parking chewing gum.



Secret pocket is a small slit in the undersleeve. Timmy had hidden in it a picture of the Club's idol, a 14-year-old jitterbug. Timmy hopes to meet her some day.



SPUD GIVES YOU
FINER TASTE
AFTER-TASTE!

BECAUSE IT HAS JUST
THE RIGHT AMOUNT OF MENTHOL!

SPUDS taste better to begin with—because they're made from finer tobaccos.

SPUDS leave a finer after-taste—because of *SPUDS'* exclusive mentholating process.

Switch to *SPUD* cigarettes, now that Winter's here, for their soothing refreshment of dry throats and noses.

They contain exactly the right amount of menthol to make smoking a complete delight!

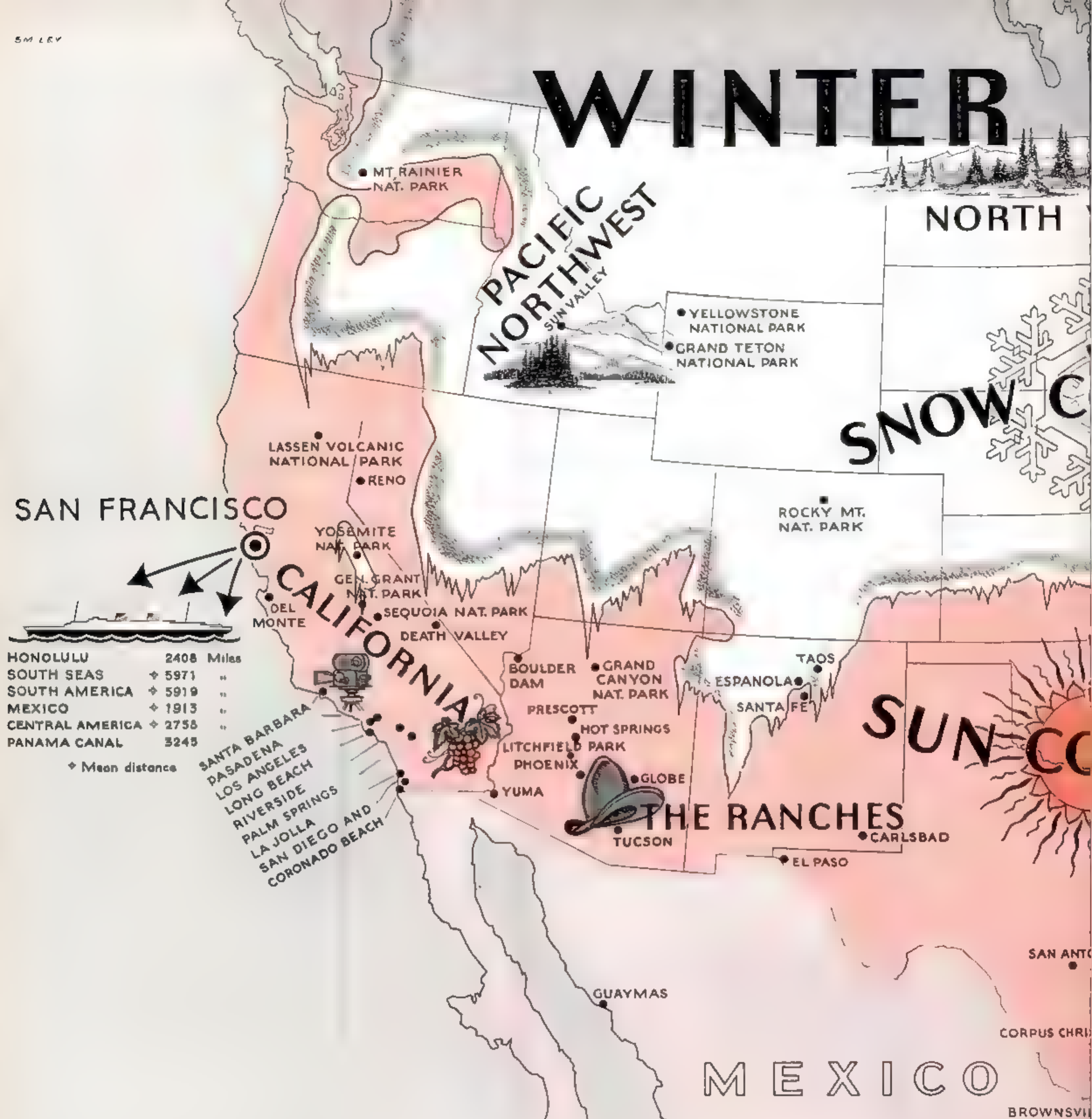
SPUD



Highest Quality,
Correctly Mentholated Cigarettes—
BUT YOU PAY LESS FOR THEM!

Cop. 1940. The Aron-Fisher Tobacco Co., Louisville, Ky.

WINTER



This is a winter vacation map of the United States. It is divided—by a line that drips icicles—into Snow Country and Sun Country. North of the line, the average January-February temperature is below freezing. South of the line, the average temperature is above freezing. Snow will not be found everywhere in the Snow Country. Nor does the winter sun shine warmly everywhere in the Sun Country. People who take holidays in the Snow Country go there because they expect to find snow. People who vacation in the Sun Country want warmth.

This year, above all other years, winter vacationers will stay in America. Nobody is going to Europe to relax. The vague fear of submarines and sea warfare has cut sharply into the once-thriving West Indies cruise business. Some of the luxury trade, which habitually used to winter on the Mediterranean, is going to South America. Rio de Janeiro is hot but fascinating. The pretty Chilean lakes in the Andes foothills will attract a special few who don't mind traveling 5,000 miles to look at a lake.

A famous resort expert once divided winter va-

cationists into two classes. Those who want to bake their backs in the sun and those who want to freeze them in the snow. Ten years ago practically nobody went north in the winter. Today hordes do. Snow lovers are generally younger and more strenuous than the sun worshippers. They want vigorous exercise. So they ski and skate. For them, the sharp cold air, the bright powdery snow, the trees standing black against the white winter, are far more alluring than warm sands and blue water. Snow people go north as far as the Canadian Laurentians which, by plane, are now only four

RESORTS



hours from New York (round trip fare, \$31). New England is a great snow-train, weekend place. The hills and gullies fill up with gay young people and the natives, though cashing in on this winter crop, still remain solid New Englanders—severe, yet comfortable. Midwesterners are rediscovering the low-lying Wisconsin hills around La Crosse. Those with more money travel to Sun Valley where the temperature gets up to 97° in the sun without melting the snow.

But, like the flowers, most human beings turn their faces toward the sun. In winter, most vaca-

tioners want to be warm. They go in greatest numbers to Florida. The Gulf Stream warms its long East Coast beaches and the game fish jump about as gaily in the water as the people do on the sand. This winter the Miami region will probably be the most whoop-la place in the whole world. The West Coast of Florida has smaller beaches and less gaiety than the East Coast but the climate is just as fine.

The other Gulf Coast resorts are quiet and refined, attracting many conservative people from the Midwest. New Orleans, the only really

exotic city in the U. S., holds its Mardi Gras early this year. Out in the Southwest, an important vacation change has been taking place. This dry and sunny land, once a haven for the sick, is now a favorite spot for young people, who come for the riding, and for older people, who come simply to relax. At the guest ranches Americans, who are beginning to know their own mountains and rivers, are soon going to know the spell their deserts cast.

Southern California has plenty of sun and always plenty of strange and wonderful things to see.



WISCONSIN SHORT COURSE STUDENTS INSPECT TEETH OF A PRIZE BELGIAN MARE. ABILITY TO JUDGE A HORSE'S CONDITION IS IMPORTANT FOR FUTURE HORSE BUYERS

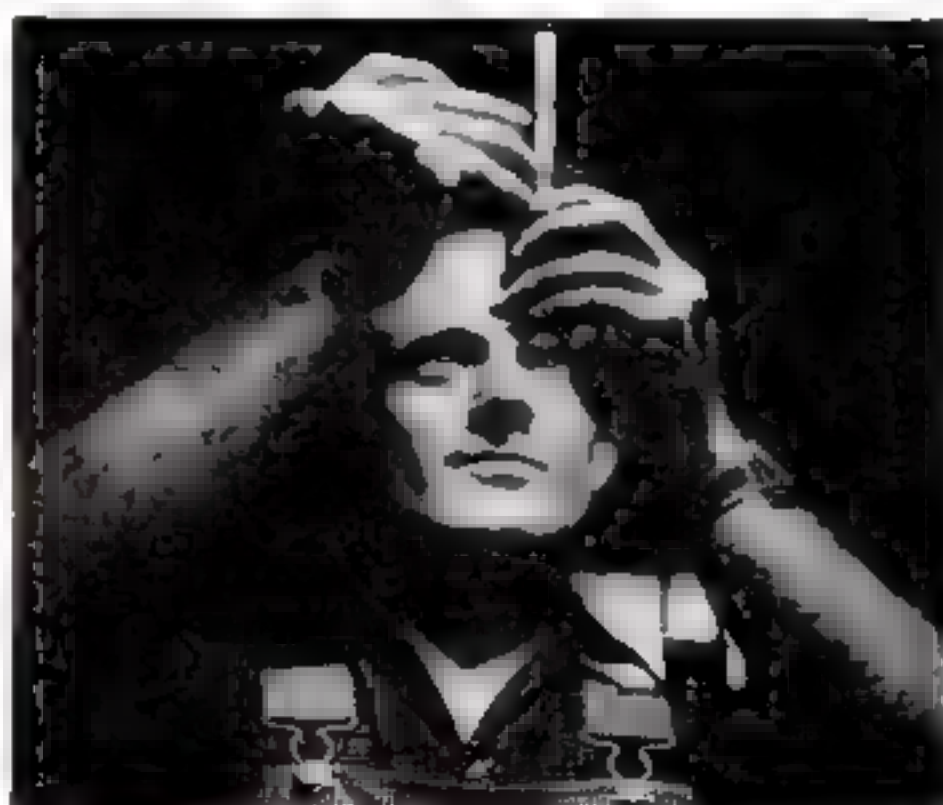
WISCONSIN FARM SCHOOL TRAINS RURAL LEADERS

During the winter months, when farm work settles down to a small round of daily chores, farmers can get along without the help of their older sons. In Wisconsin since 1885 the more enterprising sons of farmers have gone to Madison to attend the winter Short Course at the University of Wisconsin's College of Agriculture. There they have learned, in courses on seed and soil, cattle and dairying, how to control some of the many variable factors that make their occupation the gamble it is. Since 1932, when Chris L. Christensen, Dean of the College of Agriculture, took charge, they have learned also something about community singing, parliamentary practice, the management of farm co-operatives and other things that can make for a broader and more useful existence in their rural communities.

The nation's agricultural colleges have turned out able agricultural scientists and teachers, county agents, dairy technicians and farm spokesmen. In four college years these young men are apt to lose their taste for rural life and look for jobs in agricultural pursuits away from the farm. Agricultural col-

leges, in consequence, have produced few farmers.

A young man who takes his farming seriously begrudges spending four years in study. At 18 he is already his father's working partner. It is at 21,



BUTTERFAT TEST IS LEARNED IN DAIRY COURSE

when he considers his obligations as heir to the family acres, that he thinks of the need for more education. In winter Short Courses in agricultural colleges all over the country, young farmers, called "Short Horns" by the regular four-year students, spend the slack months from mid-November to March honing up on the science of their profession.

The 340 young farmers enrolled at Madison find the Short Course patterned by Dean Christensen after the Danish folk schools, more than a trade school. In courses on economics and farm co-operatives, they learn about the broader problems of the farm population and how to tackle them. The Short Course dances, glee club, band, debates and forums give expression to their native talents for sociability and political action. Four months is not a long time for mastery of any one of these arts. Short Course graduates, nonetheless, have long bulked large among the Master Farmers of Wisconsin. And more recent graduates, trained in folk-school traditions, are already emerging in local farm associations and co-operatives as leaders of the next farm generation.



Insect pests (Wisconsin's worst: the grasshopper and the June beetle) are here spread out for study by Short Course class. Knowledge of their life cycle helps control them.



Hybrid corn is explained by Student Ed Klessig, whose fourth-generation German family owns a dairy farm at Cleveland, Wis. Students are encouraged to conduct class discussions.



Dairy-cow specifications, as embodied in one of University's prize Holsteins, are expounded by a teacher. Norman-style barn in background is typical of University's splendid plant.



Evening forum, here conducted by Dean Christensen, brings debate of broader farm issues. Parliamentary practice, biggest course, is taught by Short Course director, V. E. Kivlin.

"SHORT HORN" STUDENTS WORK HARD, LEARN QUICK

Brunstad, Rudrud, Brovold, Portz, Besserdick are typical names among the young farmers enrolled in the Short Course at the University of Wisconsin. They are the grandsons of Scandinavian and German pioneers who settled the Wisconsin lake country. To the Short Course they bring the habits of industry and the knack for practical learning inherited from generations of successful farming. In their few months at Madison, these "Short Horns" work harder and learn more than any other group in the University.

These young men, coming from isolated farms and communities all over the State, find their biggest reward, however, in living and working for a few months in close contact with their fellows. They eat together in a big mess hall, sleep in long rows of double-decker bunks in two big barracks. In classrooms, at college dances, in after-hours "bull" sessions, they learn that there are many problems, pleasures and purposes that they share in common. Full cost of the Short Course session for a student is only \$99.50. Eighty per cent return for a second year and get full-course certificate.

All graduates count as a great advantage the fact that the Short Course puts them in touch with the University and the new techniques developed in its research laboratories. Typical is the Babcock milk-butterfat test, named for Wisconsin's late Prof. S. M. Babcock, which is now standard throughout the dairy industry. On the opposite page Short Course Graduate Floyd Peck is shown making a routine Babcock test for his local farm association.



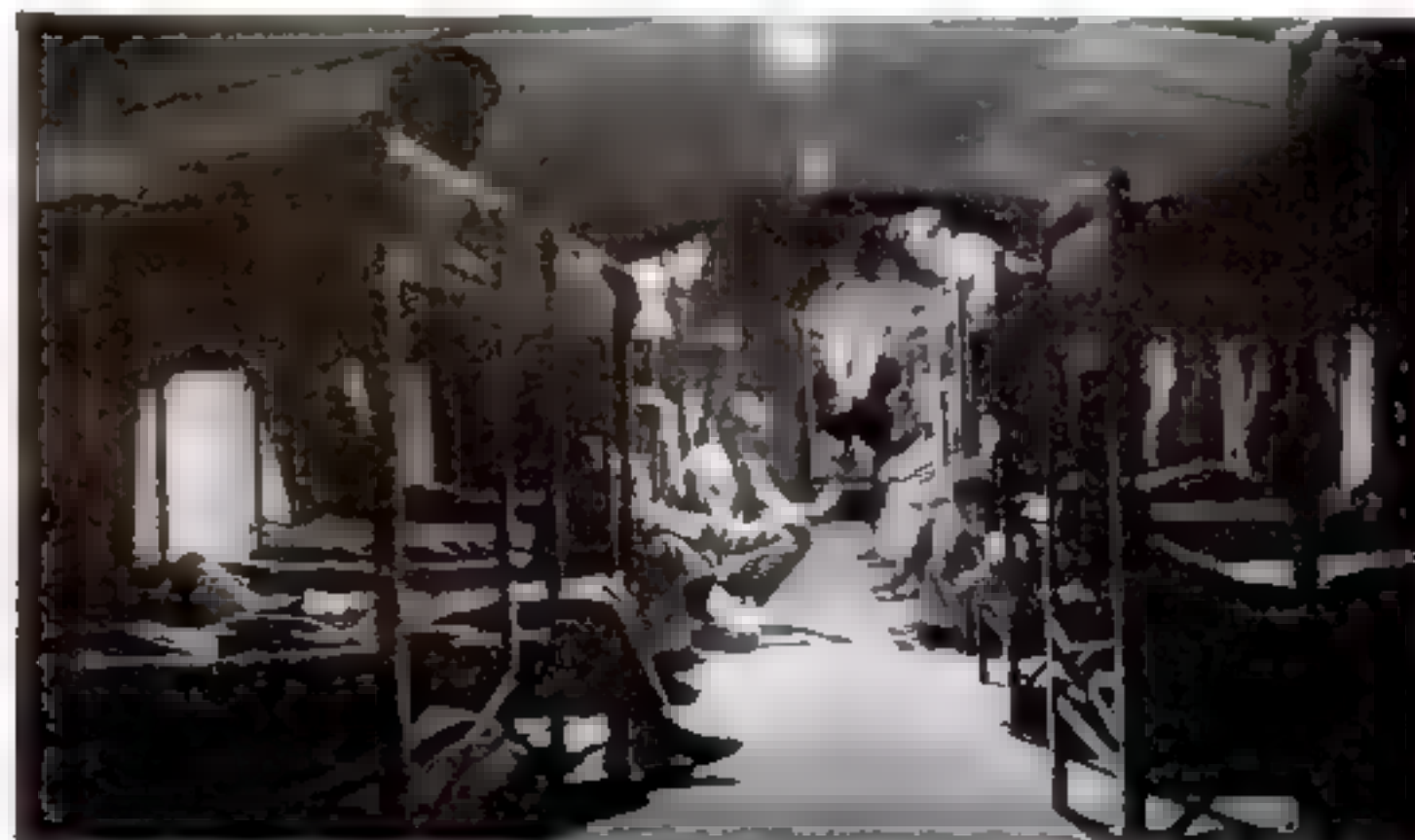
Farm architecture, for both barns and houses, is taught from blueprints, models to Short Course members. University's famed forest-products laboratory is pioneer in this field.



Babcock test is demonstrated to a group of Short Course students. Sulphuric acid in milk sample burns out solids, leaves butterfat column, which can be calipered in neck of flask.



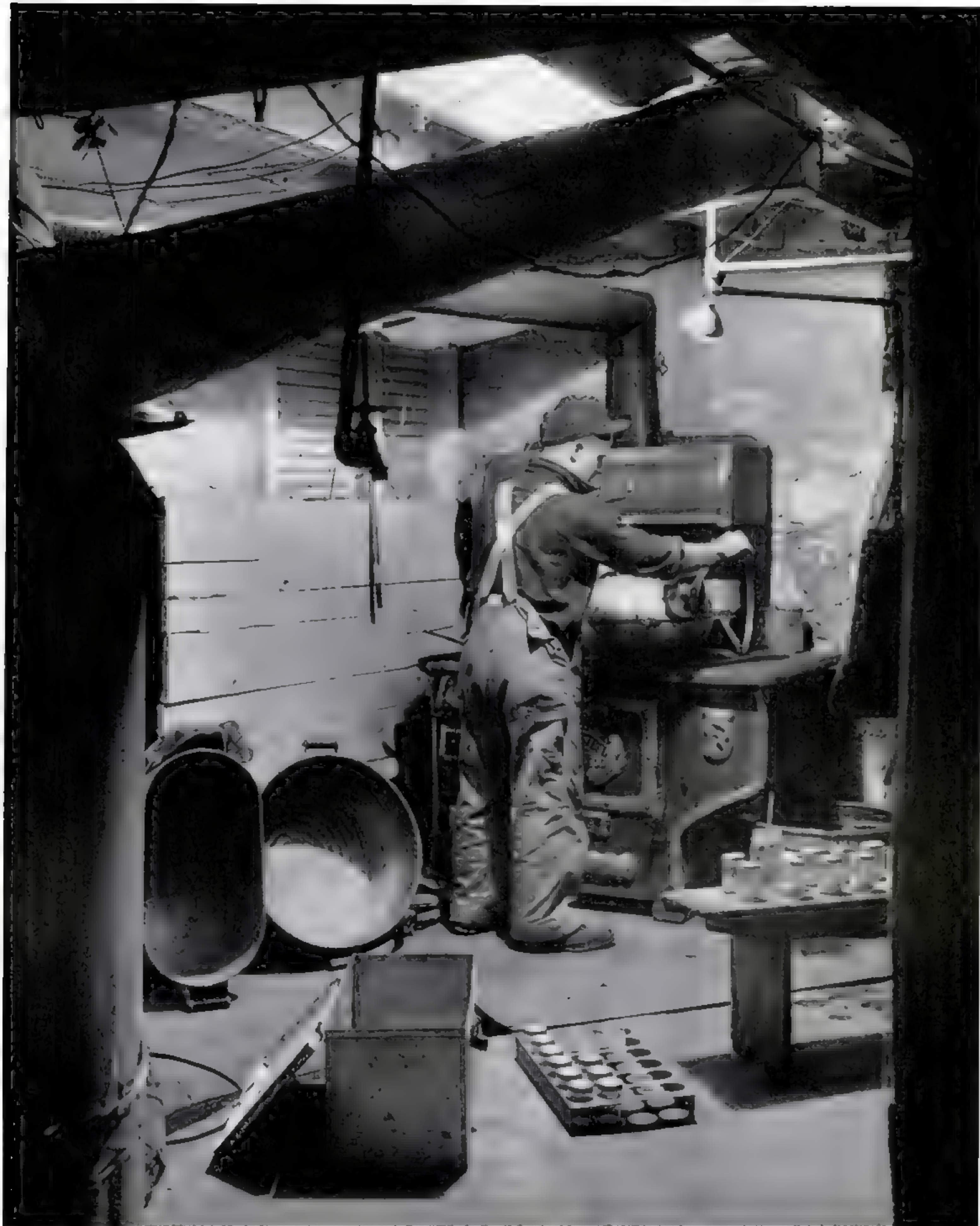
Farm machinery is crucial course for farmers who today have an increasingly heavy stake in tractors, mowers, reapers, combines. Above: a wheat binder is explained to students.



In double-decker bunks boys sleep in rows in a wartime army barracks and a converted sheep barn. Hardy simplicity of Short Course life makes unit entirely self-supporting.



Boy and girl. Short Course Student Ed Klesing and Margaret Kraft, in University school of Nursing, sit out a dance together at a 4-H party. "Short Horns" enjoy full social life of University.



Graduate at work. Floyd Peck in a farmer's cellar spins a milk sample in a centrifuge to make Babcock butterfat test

for the farm-association records. Floyd Peck, as a farmer's older son, is expected to establish his own farm, leave his

family's farm to a younger brother. The farm-association job is temporary until he raises cash, finds land and settles.

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Baked Ham	Appetizers
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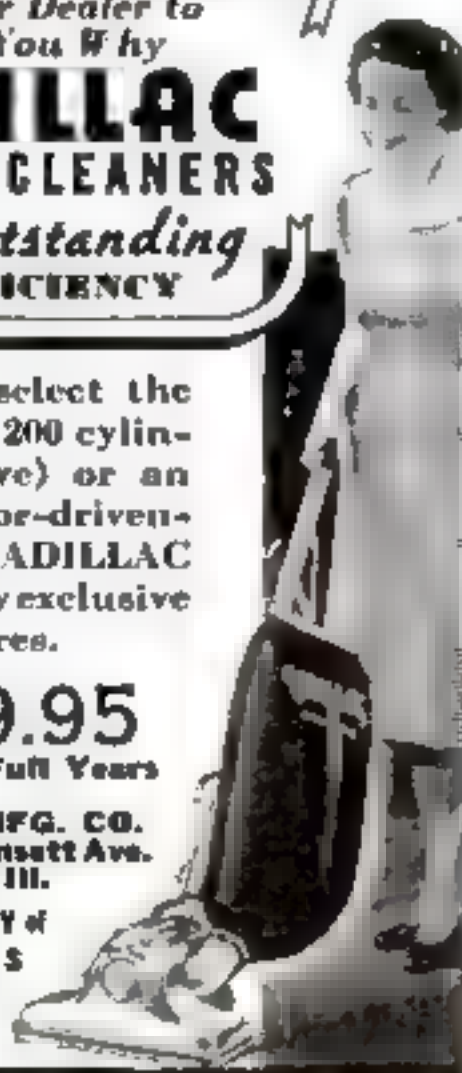
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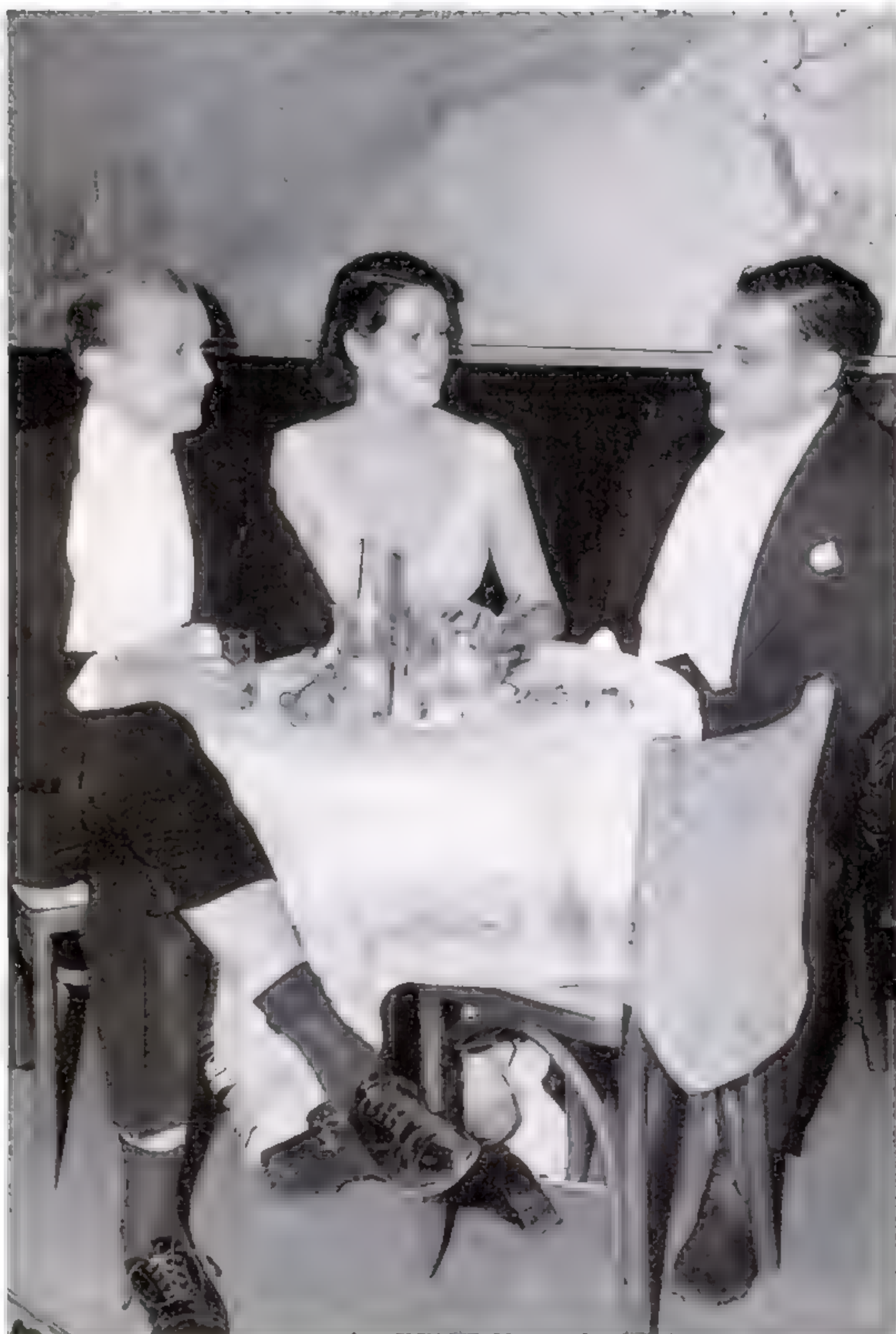
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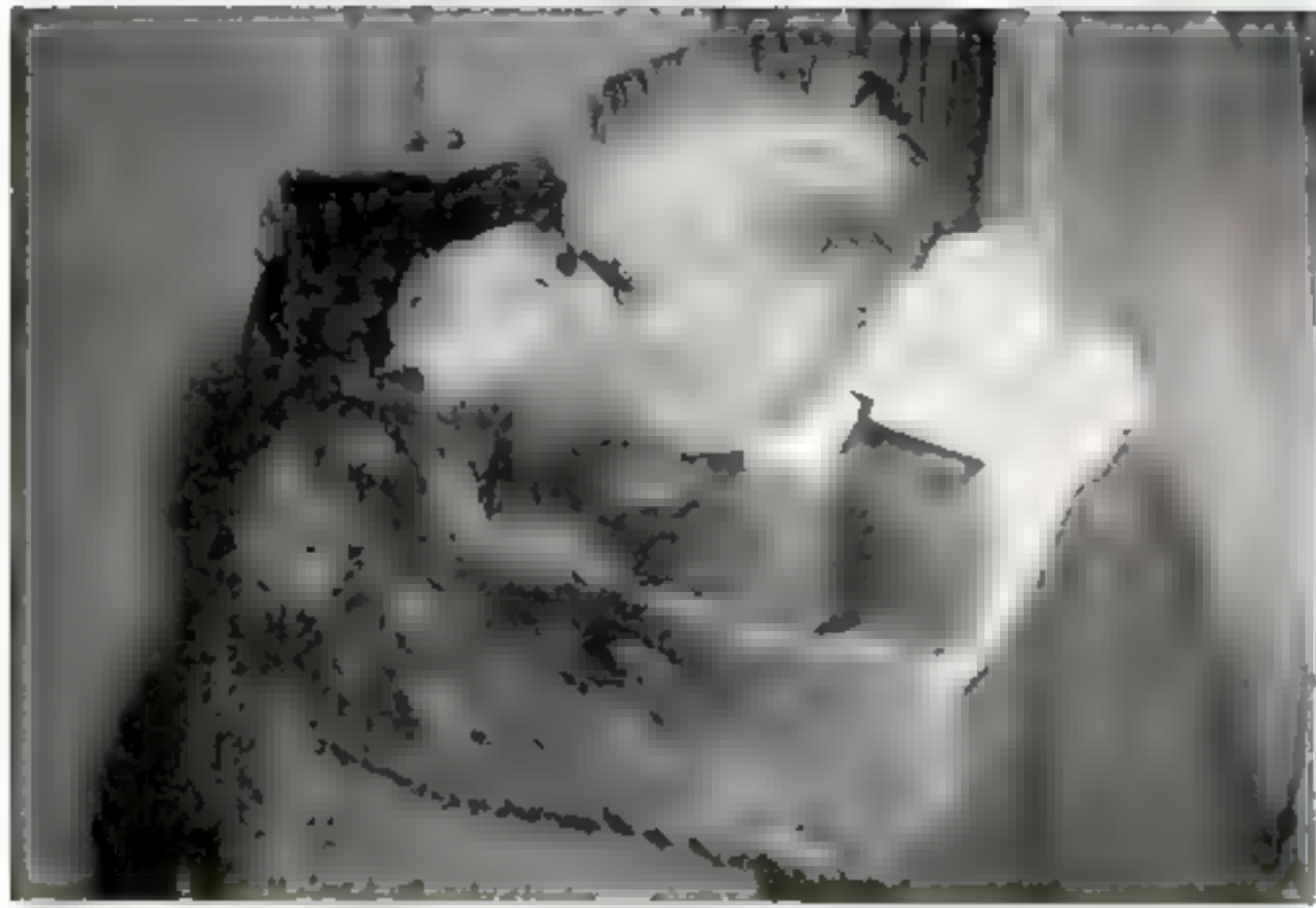
PEOPLE

The cameras of the world press
now put these people in the news



John Jacob Astor flurried patrons of a New York night club, Dec. 23, by swinging in shoeless, and on crutches. To the bat-check girl he muttered a tale of slipping on ice at his Rhinebeck home. When cameramen prepared to immortalize his ex-

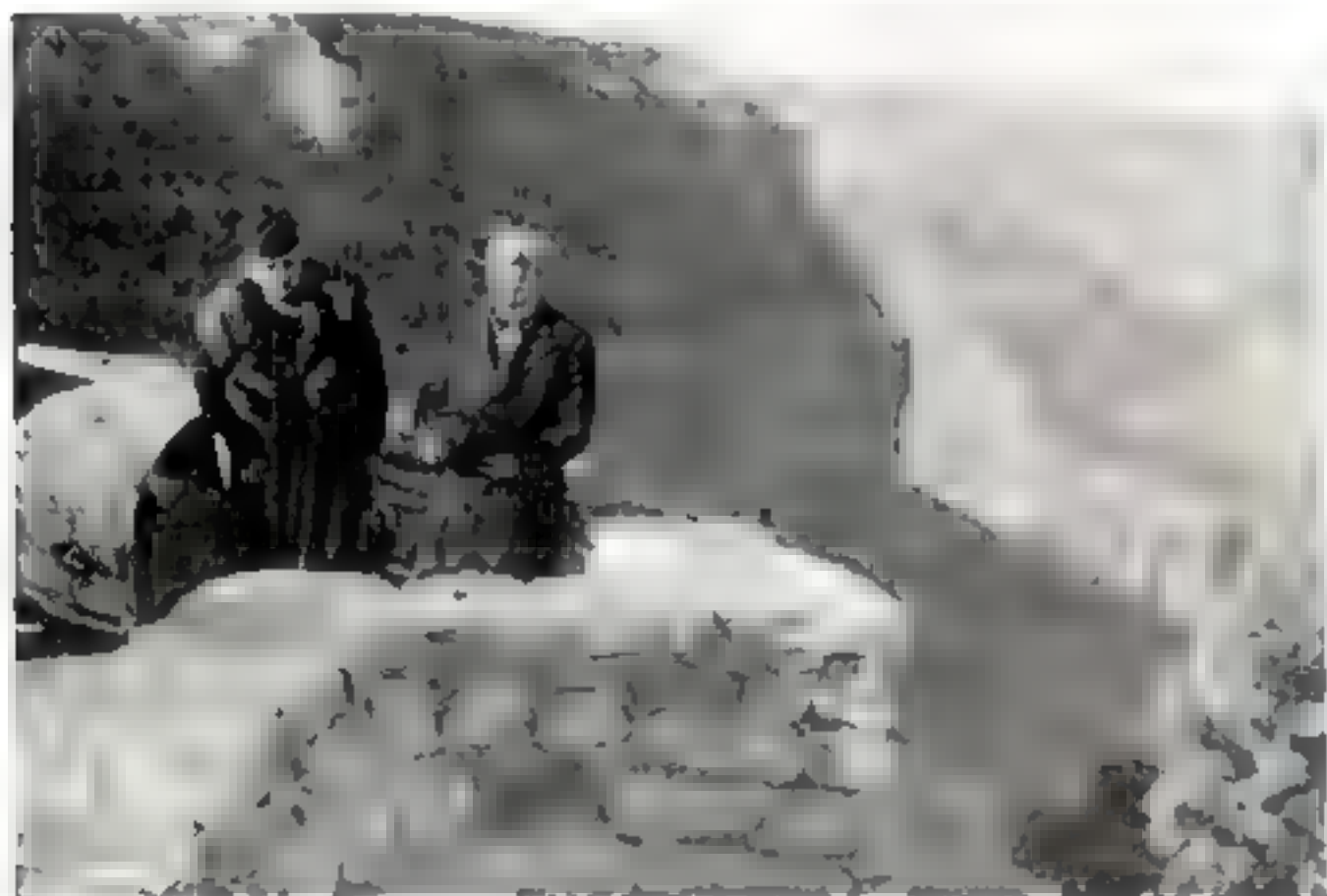
posed socked foot, his half brother, William F. Dick, hoisted his trouser leg and disclosed a white garter-less calf, an untied pump. Meanwhile, Virginia French, John Jacob Astor's daughter, sat demurely between them, carefully kept her feet to herself.



Charles Edison, son of Thomas A. Edison, was appointed Secretary of the Navy, Dec. 30. Since the death of Secretary Swanson last year, hard-driving Mr. Edison had served as Acting Secretary, proved himself an able administrator in the eyes of admirals and Navy-loving Mr. Roosevelt. Above: he is congratulated by his wife.



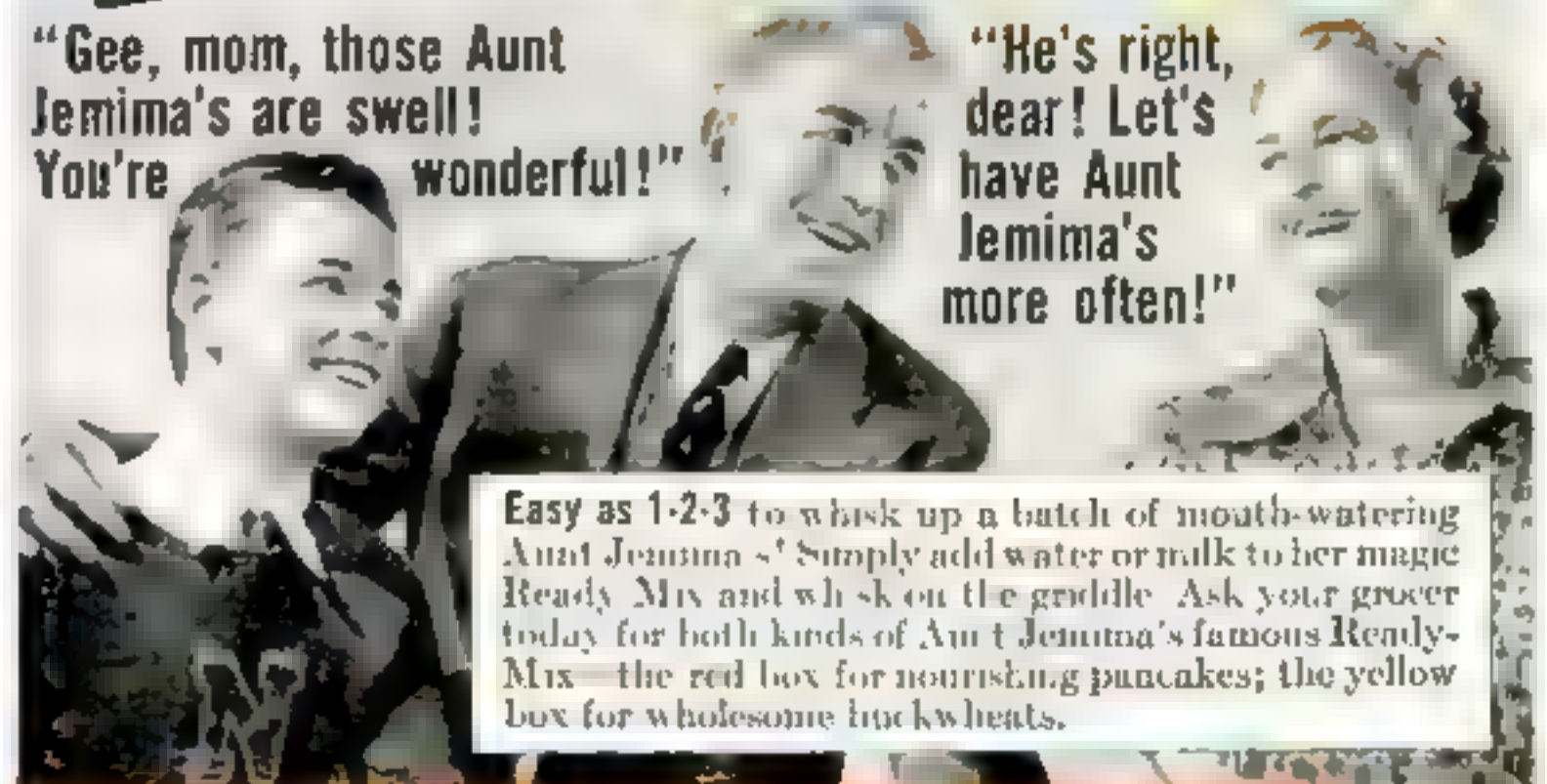
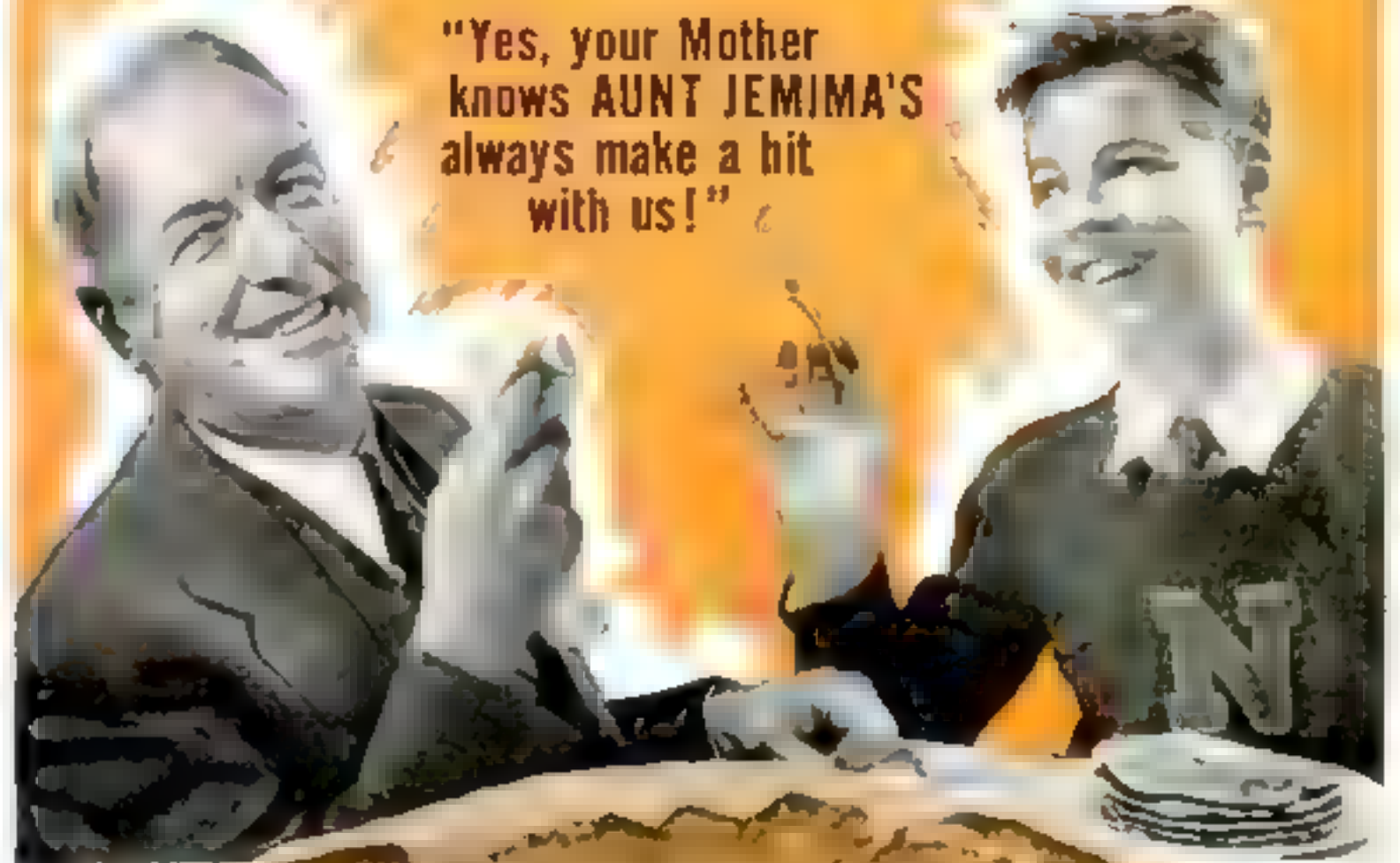
Alfred Boorman, of the Royal Antediluvian Order of Buffaloes, flashed a galaxy of medals at London crowds last month at a ceremony featuring the presentation of 20 Buffalo-bestowed ambulances to the British War Office. Like U. S. Elks, the Buffaloes started as a theatrical society, are now, like the Elks, a general fraternal group.



Arturo Toscanini, to whom cameramen often seem anathema, posed like any other tourist on the brink of the Grand Canyon during a U. S. transcontinental tour a few weeks ago. Thence he journeyed on West and saw California for the first time, touring by motor. Standing beside him in the south-rim lookout above is his wife.

"Man to man, dad, this is what I call a breakfast!"

"Yes, your Mother knows AUNT JEMIMA'S always make a hit with us!"



"Gee, mom, those Aunt Jemima's are swell! You're wonderful!"

"He's right, dear! Let's have Aunt Jemima's more often!"

Easy as 1-2-3 to whisk up a batch of mouth-watering Aunt Jemima's! Simply add water or milk to her magic Ready Mix and whisk on the griddle. Ask your grocer today for both kinds of Aunt Jemima's famous Ready-Mix—the red box for nourishing pancakes; the yellow box for wholesome buckwheats.



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RYE OR
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Take one drink and you will know why mellow, fragrant Old Crow has held its high place in the affections of critical drinkers generation after generation.

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Your Guide to  Good Liquors

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PEOPLE (continued)



Morris Stern, Los Angeles grocery-store operator, was revealed fortnight ago as brother of General Gregory M. Stern, commander of Soviet Armies in Finland. Born in Odessa, they have met only once in 20 years. Of his brother's war he said: "I don't like it. Finland is a democratic country. Why don't they leave her alone?"



Edward Gohring, Rockford, Ill., painter, first cousin of Field Marshal Hermann Göring, thumbed his nose at short-wave war news from Berlin. "That devil Hitler," he cried, "has gone crazy." Gohring (equivalent of Göring) came to the U. S. at 16, has four children, loves America. "Hermann," says he, "is a fat *Dummkopf*"

"HOW I DISCOVERED THE MOST AMAZING LOWEST PRICED CAR EVER BUILT"



MY BEST FRIEND TOLD ME

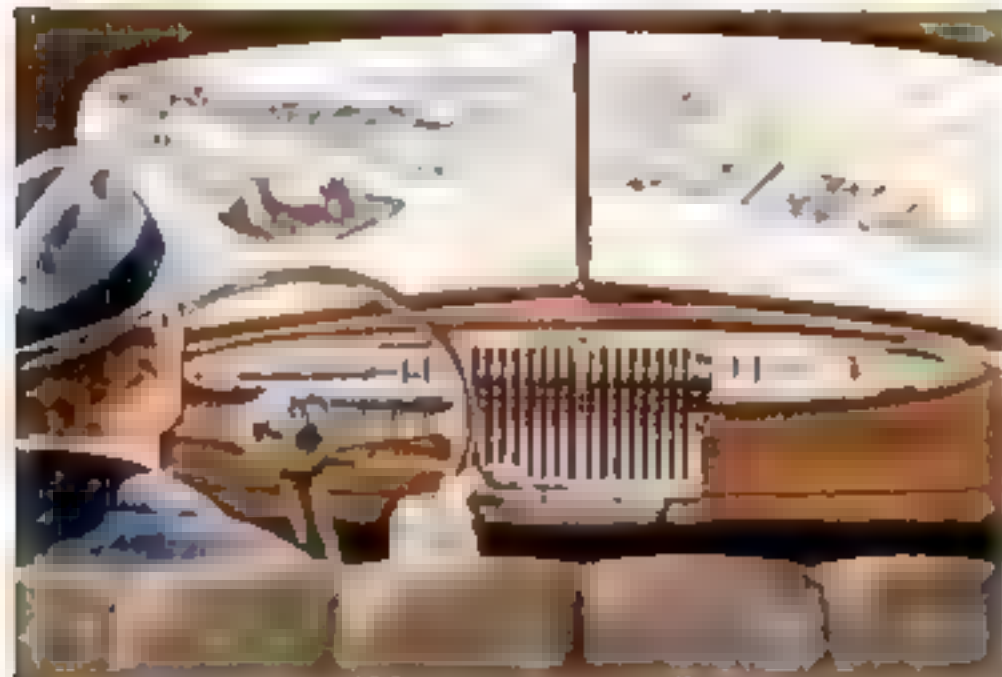
something I hadn't realized . . . that, when it came to buying cars, I had a bad case of the "other three" habit. I used to sign up regularly for the same old "habit" car, without even bothering to look at any other. My friend said I was missing plenty. Well, I took his tip and began to look around. About the first thing I saw was a new Hudson Six.



Its good looks stopped me in my tracks! "But," says I to myself, "that's too much car for your pocketbook, my boy." Then I saw the price card on it . . . and it was my kind of price! That Hudson was a beauty! Real lacquer finish, real chrome bands instead of painted stripes . . . and its Dash-Locking Safety Hood is hinged in front so wind can't blow it open. Locks from a lever inside the car, too, protecting engine parts from tampering or theft.



Then I looked inside! Boy, what room, what swell upholstery, what real class all over! Not only the biggest car, but the best *all around*, that I'd ever seen for anywhere near the money. Great big luggage compartment. Seats that are really wide enough for three grown people. Handy Shift at the steering wheel, fine looking instrument panel, all kinds of equipment. And, for a few dollars extra, I could even have Airfoam Seat Cushions. When I thought of the wife and youngsters riding in all that luxury, I began to feel like a millionaire! I was three-quarters sold before I ever took the wheel.



But I hadn't gone a mile before I realized that I was driving a *different* kind of automobile . . . so smooth riding, with such a feeling of velvety power, so easy to steer, that I just sort of gasped. The salesman told me it had independent front wheel coil springing of a kind never used before in any car costing less than \$1400 . . . and I could tell he was right. I'd never owned a car that gave me a ride like that. Then he told me about Patented Double-Safe Brakes, which you get *only* in a Hudson.



Finest hydraulics, with a separate mechanical emergency braking system *working right off the same foot pedal*. If hydraulics should ever fail, as they can in *any* car, you just push farther on the same foot pedal, and STOP. America's safest car!



Then, there's Patented Auto-Poise Front Wheel Control that helps keep wheels straight *even if a tire blows*. And when the salesman told me that, in an official test, this Hudson gave more miles per gallon than any other full sized car ever did, I said: "I'm sold!"
† Illustrated above in yellow

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THE CAR TO SEE
WITH THE "OTHER THREE"

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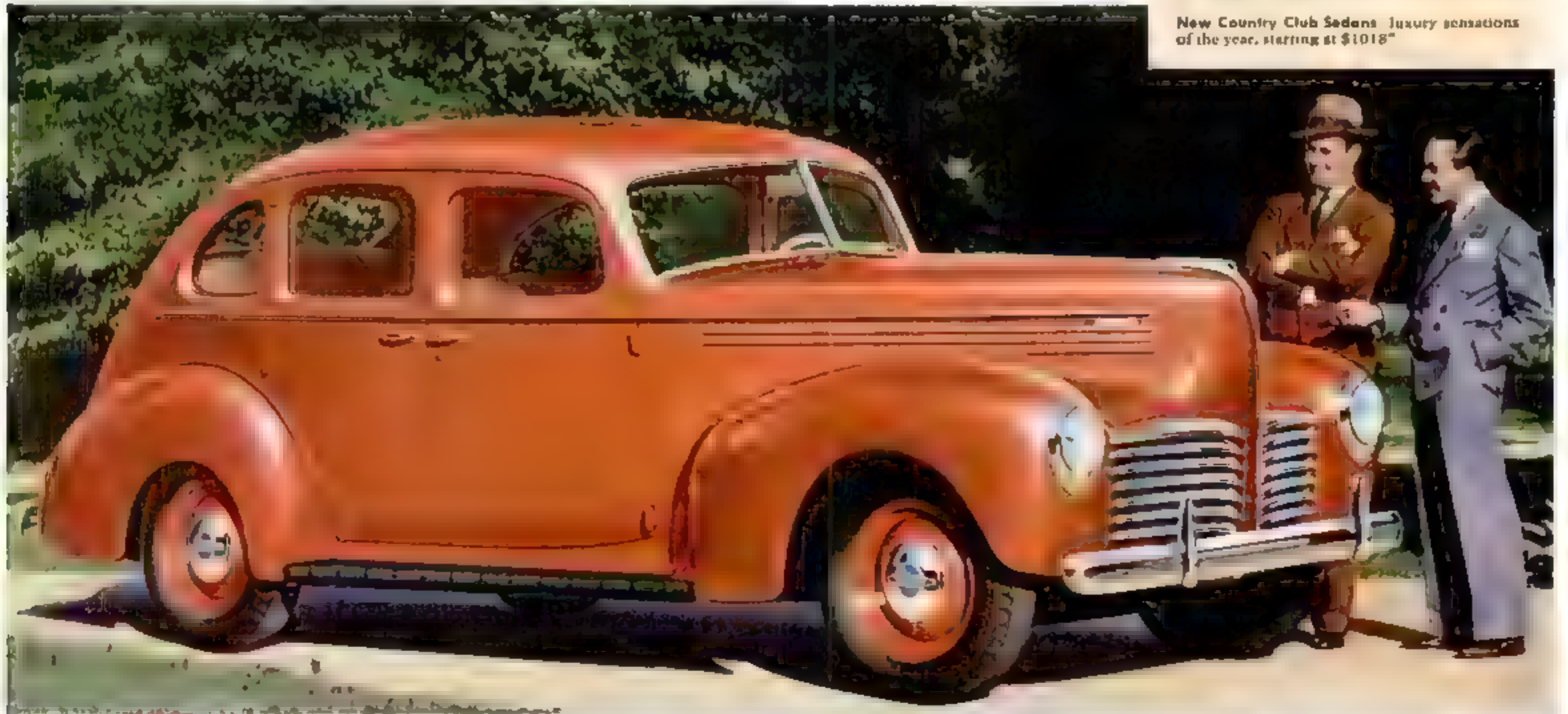
*delivered in Detroit, including Federal taxes, not including state and local taxes, if any. Low time payment terms. Prices subject to change without notice.

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New HUDSON Six, monogram, lowest priced car ever built—starting at \$670*

New HUDSON Eight, America's lowest priced straight eight, starting at \$860*; and new Super-Six, starting at \$809*

New Country Club Sedans—luxury sensations of the year, starting at \$1018*

Car shown is new Hudson Six Touring Sedan, \$763*, delivered in Detroit



THE HEPBURNS

Seven members of a fabulous Hartford family express themselves at any cost

by OLIVER O. JENSEN

Mrs. Thomas Norval Hepburn of Hartford, Conn., believes in control of children before birth and none afterwards. She graduated from the fashionable women's college of Bryn Mawr, married a successful doctor, lives in what 99% of the country would describe as considerable luxury in West Hartford winters and on the shore of Long Island Sound at Fenwick summers, and says: "We must do away with the law of supply and demand." For her own five children, she has created a home that combines the good points of such divergent atmospheres as Thoreau's Walden Pond, Madame de Staël's salon and Margaret Sanger's rostrum.

As a result, one of her sons has spent one year in New York City and four in the Hepburn attic writing unsuccessful radical plays while another has quietly become a doctor. One daughter has picketed for the C. I. O. while another demurely finishes her education among the socially elect of Bennington College. Seven inseparable Hepburns zealously cherish their personal independence and intensely resent the public assumption that they have any special significance to non-Hepburns because still another daughter is doing nicely on the stage.

Mrs. Hepburn's eldest child, Katharine, is living proof of the fact that it is not absolutely necessary to have been a Kansas City manicurist to crash the gates of Hollywood. She never won a beauty contest and never was a Wampas Baby Star. Nobody ever saw her posed in a lingerie publicity still. Instead she graduated from Bryn Mawr, gleamed fitfully in the Philadelphia Social Register and in one leading role on Broadway, and turned up packing theaters in *A Bill of Divorcement*, chiefly because Director George Cukor liked the way she put down a glass of water.

That an obvious aristocrat should succeed so brilliantly in the promised land of the common people was no less interesting than the fact that this extraordinary person was proving that acting ability was not necessary in the movies but merely helpful. Her stock in trade was an amazing ability to project to audiences the curious but dynamic personality of Katharine Hepburn. To the degree to which her vehicles were faithful or unfaithful to the Hepburn character, she pleased or repelled her beholders. Because it has not always been possible to find the right story for her, she has the unique distinction of having been both socko and stunko, in the trade terms, both on the stage and in the movies.

She started in the movies with the handicap of immediate success. *A Bill of Divorcement* was a good play with undertones of tragedy and unfulfilled lives perfectly suited to her mannerisms. Her other early pictures were good—*Christopher Strong*, with Hepburn as a sensitive aviatrix striding about in well-fitting jodhpurs, committing suicide with a tight congealed little smile and a stiff upper lip—*Morning Glory*, the heartbreak of a young actress exactly like Katharine Hepburn achieving the bitter rewards of a woman's successful career—and *Little Women*, whose tenderhearted, eager adolescent was more like Katharine



ALEXANDER BROOK'S PORTRAIT OF KATHARINE HEPBURN SHOWS HER IN VICTORIAN DRESS



THE HEPUURN SISTERS POSE ON THE LAWN OF THEIR HARTFORD HOME; KATHARINE (BOTTOM, LEFT), MARION, WHO IS MARRIED, AND PEGGY, A BENNINGTON STUDENT



Katharine's first Broadway hit was in *The Warrior's Husband* in 1931. Her Amazon role was perfect for leaping about in tin armor and displaying shapely legs.



Her first movie hit was in *A Bill of Divorcement* in 1932. As Sydney, whose life is ruined by a taint of insanity, Katharine played the same role that had brought fame to Katharine Cornell and Meggie Albanesi.



Her first Broadway failure was in *The Lake*, a rambling drama which was produced in 1933. In the role of an emotionally upset widow, she threatens to commit suicide in the final scene (above).

THE HEPBURNS (continued)

herself than Louisa Alcott's fictional heroine Jo.

The sentimental shower of Victorian nostalgia that followed *Little Women* and the others dried up in the lean years of painful pieces like *The Little Minister*, *Quality Street* and *A Woman Rebels*. RKO executives committed the gross error of exhibiting unversatile Miss Hepburn in non-Hepburn roles. As a result, people grew a little tired of Katharine facing the world, clear-eyed, forthright, arrogant and unafraid—in situations which merely called for relaxation. When their feeling cropped up in diminished box-office returns, the Independent Theatre Owners' Association Inc. included her in a list of toppled divinities labeled "Box-Office Poison."

Miss Hepburn had first come to notice in 1932 in a leading role in *The Warrior's Husband*, which required her to impersonate an Amazon and make 15-ft. leaps about the stage encased in shiny tin armor. For Katharine this was a manifest cinch. However, when she came back triumphantly from Hollywood to open in Jed Harris' production of a dour play called *The Lake*, completely out of character, she dove in disastrously over her head. Acid Dorothy Parker celebrated the submersion with her immortal quip: "She runs the gamut of emotions from A to B."

To the confusion of critics, however, "The Lady of The Lake" has today surprised everyone by getting the right play at the right time—*The Philadelphia Story*, which has lifted her to the pinnacle of her career. These ups and downs have called attention to the fact that here is an actress not molded like others by directors from the mere clay of a pretty girl, but served up, ready-made, as her own unchanging personality.

The explanation for this personality is the Hepburn family. Katharine belongs to one of the most interesting family groups in the country. When she clashed with Hollywood, violated stage traditions, got into her series of troubled, half-explained, semi public adventures, she was running true to type. When she acquired a completely bad press, said exactly what came into her head and avoided interviewers by dodging through washroom windows, down fire escapes and under airplane propellers,

she was doing what seemed best at the moment, in accord with Hepburn family theory.

The Hepburns are of Scottish descent. Mary Stuart's lover, the tempestuous Earl of Bothwell, was a Hepburn. The Scottish strain is strong. The clan is forever gathering, on weekends, until the wide yard of the spacious brick house on Bloomfield Avenue, West Hartford, looks like a parking lot. Seen together, the family resemblances come out sharply. Fourteen nostrils quiver in unison and seven peculiar if brilliant minds continue their endless discussions on how best the world may be reformed. All of them are concerned with the world of ideas, are slightly pink, love to talk with their constant stream of intellectual visitors. As a child, Kate could sit and listen in her own parlor to Mrs. Emmeline Pankhurst and Charlotte Perkins Gilman and Emma Goldman.

The head of this New England family came from Virginia. Dr. Thomas Norval Hepburn, 60, is a Johns Hopkins graduate, a prominent surgeon, urologist of the Hartford Hospital and consultant to half a dozen others. He married one domineering character, sired six others (Son Tom died in his teens) and withal manages to remain the austere head of the family who barks over the stairwell at a daughter's late suitors.

How to marry a Hepburn

Life is not easy for a Hepburn suitor, nor does the Doctor help make it so. When agitated Ellsworth Grant, a well-to-do Harvard student, wished to ask for Daughter Marion's hand, he could think of no better approach than to call her father's office. Giving his name as "L. M. Struck," he desired to consult the doctor about "a heart case."

Dr. Hepburn is very handsome in a hard chiseled way, of medium height and athletic build. Katharine takes after him in appearance and personality. He is inordinately proud of his golf game—when he wins—and loves to display the ancient set of clubs with which these feats are accomplished. Like all Hepburns, he will struggle desperately before being beaten. Long after nightfall, Hepburns can be found climbing over

the fence that separates their land on Bloomfield Avenue from a golf course, arguing fiercely about a drive or a putt that vanished into darkness. The Doctor's pride extends to such varied accomplishments as his chess game and his self-acknowledged financial wizardry. He will take no advice from brokers.

Mrs. Hepburn was a Boston Houghton, cousin of an American ambassador to the Court of St. James, Alanson Bigelow Houghton. Her tall, slender figure is remarkable enough by itself, but becomes even more so when she dons her "mandarin" costume, a celestial garment that turned up one day and which she may wear two weeks straight, mainly for the amusing effect it produces on her society friends. The Hepburn peculiarities are tempered in Mrs. Hepburn by the presence of a delightful sense of humor and a strain of extreme kindness. These take the edge off the intense personality of anybody nursing a crusade. Hers is birth control.

Mrs. Hepburn believes in the maximum of self-expression for her children and lets them do as they please. They started to pick out their own clothes at 13. Kate wore her brother's knickerbockers and fought like a hellion with the neighborhood little boys. Once she shaved her head to look more like a boy. She put on a performance of *Beauty and the Beast*, charging neighbors 50¢ admission, a box-office high for child drama. Kate played the Beast, netting \$60, which she promptly sent to the Navaho Indians of New Mexico, having heard from a missionary that they were in need. The Navahos bought a phonograph.

As a child Kate accompanied her mother on suffrage campaigns. Mrs. Hepburn has a deep voice and a deep sense of social obligation, a Boston germ that led her to war on the white-slave traffic and vice in Hartford. She has even picketed the White House in the matter of votes for women, but it is upon the subject of birth control that her fame rests.

"If you aren't frank with your children about sex," she argued in a New Haven Methodist church, "they will never confide in you again. When I explained scientifically and specifically to one of my daughters how she was born, she



Her most memorable movie role was "Jo" in *Little Women*, in 1933. In this part she again followed in the footsteps of Katharine Cornell who had won acclaim as "Jo" in 1919.



Her first chance at comedy was in *Bringing Up Baby*, a four-year 1938 movie (above). Today, after a 40 weeks' run, she has made a great Broadway hit as a comedienne in *The Philadelphia Story* (right).

said: 'Oh, then I can have a baby without getting married. Oh, that's what I shall do!' Finally, however, we agreed that if she could find a husband as nice as her Dad, the matter might be reconsidered."

Crusading for birth control

The crusading spirit is behind her erect, gray-haired figure, as she appears debating the issue in Carnegie Hall and arguing for legislation with scared congressmen who would vote for war with the Moor before aiding the sale of contraceptives. "The first time we came before the Connecticut Legislature to discuss our project for liberalization of birth-control legislation," she says, "the committee acted like dirty-minded children. They poked one another, giggled and put their hands before their faces. . . . If people had listened to Margaret Sanger 20 years ago, we wouldn't have the child problem we have now. . . . The time has come for people to recognize the life force and let it be what it should be."

All the products of the Hepburn life force share a common middle name, Houghton, a common eagerness, explosive tempers and a common fanatical desire to shine in their own right. Katharine, with pathetic loyalty, tries to keep her family from the damning references to "Katharine Hepburn's brother," "the movie star's mother," etc. They live closely together in the big place at Hartford and in the magnificent whitewash brick summer place Katharine built for them at Fenwick, on Long Island Sound. It replaces a cottage that the 1938 hurricane swept away, nearly sweeping Katharine with it. With water in front, a little sailboat, a tennis court, a golf course nearby, it fits the favorite family activities, for they are all good at sports. Katharine was once runner-up in the Connecticut women's golf championship, has a bronze medal for figure skating.

All five children went to college after studying with private tutors. Katharine was first, following her mother to Bryn Mawr, and will not be soon forgotten for her intense ideas, her bandannaed head (which, according to legend,

set a new style), her occasional appearances in bare feet and her general look of grubbiness. She emerged as a "high-merit" student in her history major. Nobody thought she was beautiful. Nobody thought much of her in Bryn Mawr dramatics, either, except her first talent scout, the late Dr. Horace Howard Furness Jr., a well-known Shakespearean scholar, who picked her out to play Pandora in *The Woman in the Moon*. Her other accomplishment at college was managing to wear far beyond its natural life an ancient green topcoat, a tired-looking affair done up with a makeshift safety pin.

Robert Houghton Hepburn, the younger brother, is the conservative and the family diplomat. Bob is even-tempered, hard-working and extremely natural, like his sister Marion. Shorter and less angular than other Hepburns, these two alone bother to present an orthodox polite front to the world. At Harvard, Bob made the Signet, literary society, and got in the Hasty Pudding Club, which neatly cleaves a select group of sheep from Harvard's many goats. Medical school followed and Bob now assists his father as an interne in the Hartford Hospital.

Brother Dick, Richard Houghton Hepburn, 28, went to Harvard too, but not before spending a year at Trinity College in Hartford because he arrived late for his last College Board exam. He has spent the years since he went through Harvard writing plays. Some of them were in the Greek classical tradition, not a very salable type. On busy days he would enter the family attic at 8 and pound his typewriter until 5. His search for material once took him to the offices of a large number of prominent Hartford business moguls. He is supposed to have questioned them for hours about the nature of capitalism, and then attempted to convert them from it, a novel experience for a Hartford underwriter. Dick, angular and lean, looking like his female counterpart, Katharine, is an experimenter as well with his attire, an all purpose garb of heavy white sweater, unpressed gray slacks, sneakers and no socks, and with his face on which he once grew literary sideburns.

His experimental nature was given a severe jolt in April 1936, when his play *Behold Your*



She's all smiles
even when
she's "all in"—
and there's a tip
in that for you

IF you've ever been under a nurse's care, you've probably wondered how she managed to keep so bright and cheerful and efficient even at the close of a long and arduous day.

Training, of course, is one answer. But there's still another—coffee. For nurses, like doctors and hospital interns, turn to coffee for a quick "pick-up" when they are tired and tense.

They know from their scientific knowledge that coffee aids the muscles in eliminating the poisons of fatigue . . . that coffee is restful and beneficial to mind and nerves as well as to the body, sharpening the perception and improving judgment, reason and self-control.

This also should interest you: The "lift" they get—and you get—from a cup of coffee lasts only two hours with 97 out of 100 people.* And that means you can enjoy coffee in the evening and enjoy a good night's sleep too.

*Medical authority on request
PAN AMERICAN COFFEE BUREAU, NEW YORK CITY

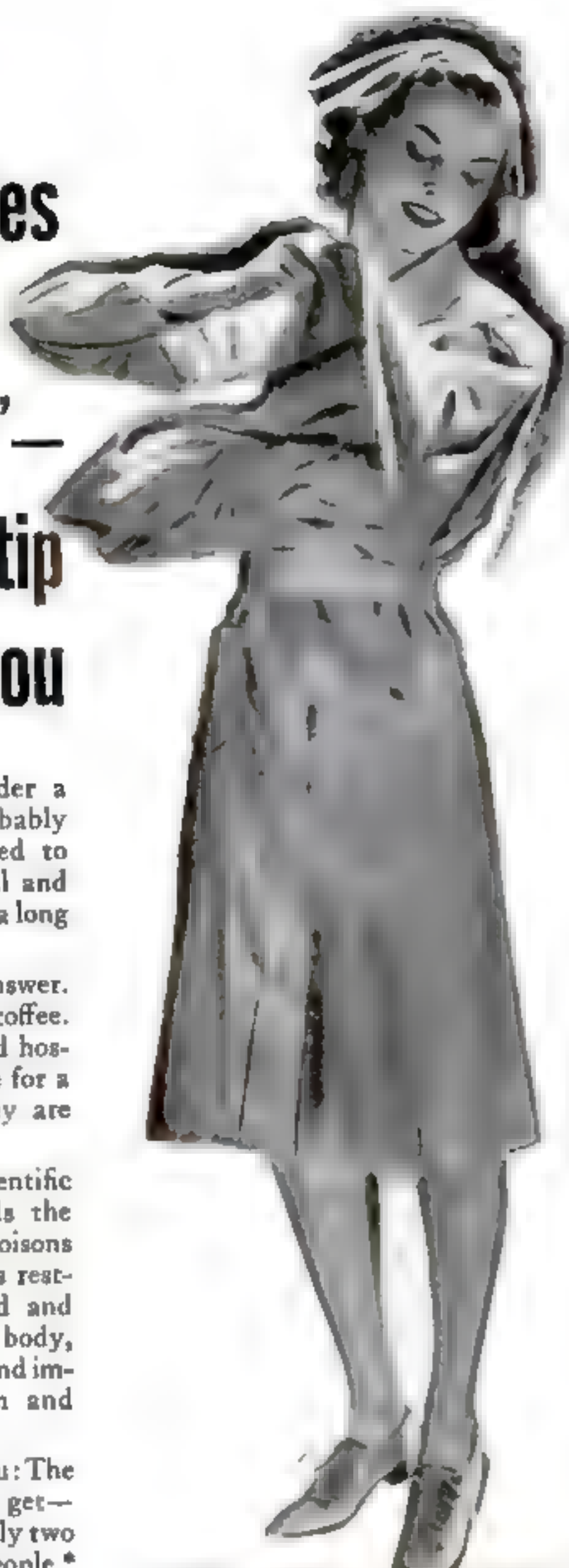
**BREAK THOSE
NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS?**



**CHEER UP!—What you
need is another cup
of coffee!**

**REMEMBER
THIS:** To make
good coffee,
use enough—a heaping
tablespoonful to each cup.

Published by the Pan American coffee producers, for the benefit of the American public, the largest consumers of coffee in the world
BRAZIL • COLOMBIA • CUBA • EL SALVADOR • NICARAGUA • VENEZUELA



RIGHT or WRONG?

Can you score 100% in this 1-minute quiz?

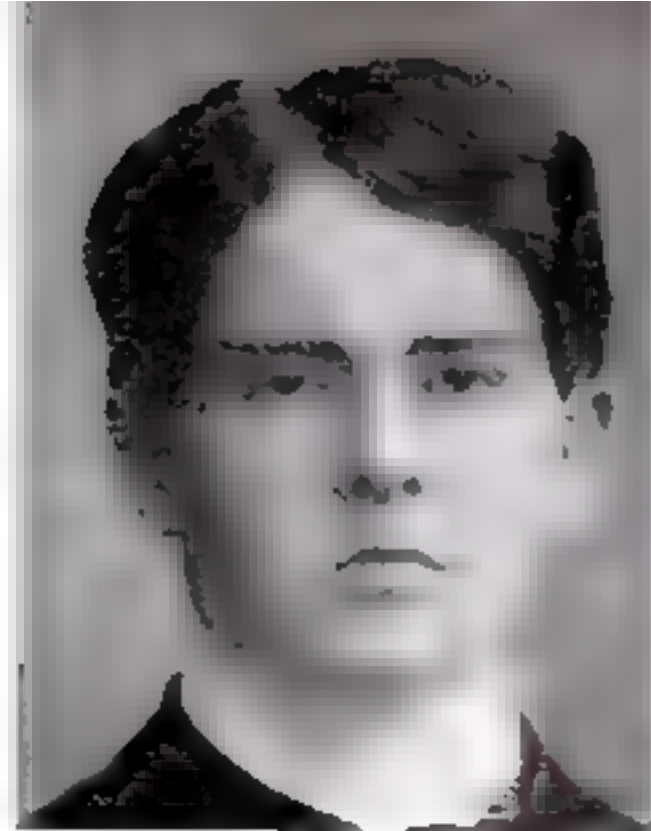
COFFEE IS SERVED TO ATHLETES
Right? ☐ Wrong? ☐

The fact is, coffee enables the muscles to contract more vigorously and hold out longer. And that's why the best athletes in the world are coffee drinkers. So many famous athletes have won their titles of training with coffee. It gives them periods of strength, both in the heart and in the muscles. Think of it!

COFFEE IS HABIT-FORMING
Right? ☐ Wrong? ☐

Of course, coffee is a stimulant. But it is a very healthy one. For it relieves fatigue instead of merely dulling the senses. It gives a person a new dose. And when you're tired, coffee is the best way to get back to work. It gives you a new dose of energy. So, if you're tired, drink coffee. It's the best way to get back to work.

**COFFEE
CHEERS
YOU UP!**



Dr. Thomas Hephburn, shown here as a Randolph-Macon undergraduate in 1900, has avoided photographers ever since.



Katharine's mother, who once picketed the White House for women's suffrage, is a leading crusader for birth control.

THE HEPBURNS (continued)

God opened at Jasper Deeter's experimental Hedgerow Theatre near Philadelphia. Dr. Hephburn had arranged to let Dick "alone" for three years to try his hand as a playwright. He moved to New York, wrote one opus dealing with birth control and Catholicism which no one would produce. Just in time, he finished *Behold Your God*, a two-part economic satire in ten scenes, during which characters labeled, among others: "Brainless, a banker"; "Rancid, an insurance president"; "Fatpurse, Jangle, Browbeat and Wiley, a firm of lawyers"; and "Judge Mildew, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court," wandered through an economic morass. The scenes bore labels like "Executives," "Utilities," "Newspaper," "Judges," "Socialism and Communism" and "Fascism." The theater was packed—a sell-out of all the available 156 seats. Hephburn doctored the audience. *Behold Your God* emerged with pronouncements from the critics calling it "dull," "extravagant," "blurred," "inarticulate," "esoteric" and "lucid as a timetable." Even Katharine acknowledged she hadn't figured it out.

Last summer Dick committed the sin of writing a play about the Hephburn family. Katharine's ire was aroused not only because this was considered trading off the life of a public person, but because the play is supposed to have dealt among other things with her adventures with Howard Hughes. Nobody, least of all Katharine, has forgotten the excitement over her three-ring exhibition with Mr. Hughes in Chicago, when the elusive pair spent three days dodging each other, the press and a more than willing marriage-license clerk who kept open long after hours.

The family favorite is the middle sister, Marion, plump, happy and unafflicted with the divine discontent that besets her famous sister. Katharine is crazy about her, partly because Marion fulfills the ambitions that she had to surrender. Marion went to progressive Bennington College, which gives its students a two months' vacation in summer and winter to apply what they are studying to a job or a project out in the world. She spent one vacation, at 17, working at Hull House, the Chicago social-service center founded by Jane Addams. During two other vacations, she worked for John L. Lewis in Washington, once as a secretary for the United Federal Workers and again as a grim but pretty picker outside the Hotel Harrington. Katharine has left hotels that were picketed, too, and stage-hands say, "She's a labor girl."

"My God, Kate's sister is beautiful"

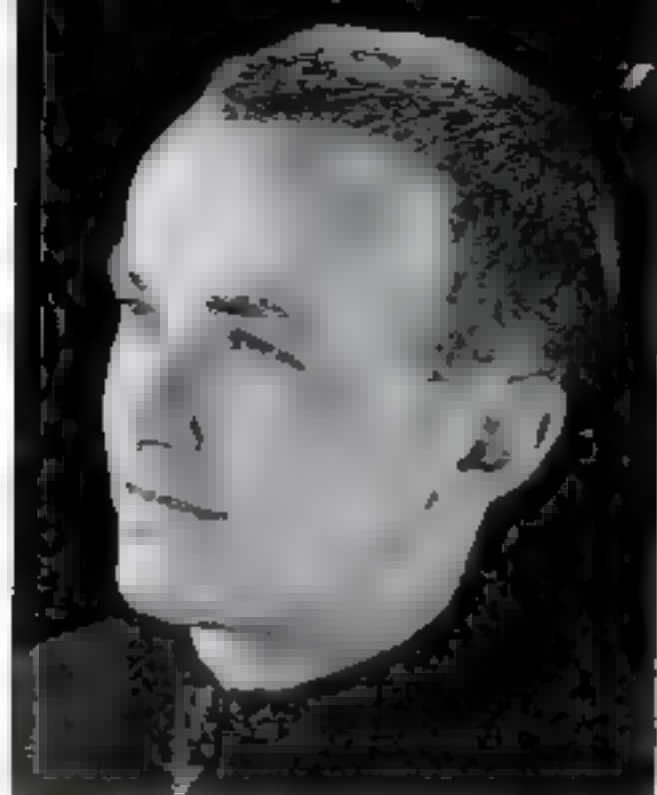
Having announced that "One actress in the family is enough" and that she was going to write stories and novels but *never* plays, Marion got out of Bennington last June and forthwith into matrimony with Ellsworth Grant, himself just getting out of Harvard, while Bridesmaid Katharine dodged newsphotographers. Marion's graduation leaves Peggy, the youngest daughter, alone in the throes of formal education.

"My God, Kate's sister is beautiful," said Noel Coward, sitting behind the assembled Hephburns at *The Lake's* premiere. "She looks the way Kate should have but didn't." Katharine boasts about Peggy's exploits by the hour and explains that her sisters are really much better informed than she is—the Hephburn criterion of worth. Peggy inherits her father's experimental curiosity and spent last vacation studying algae on an island in the Panama Canal.

Because she looks more like the screen version of Katharine Hephburn than Katharine does herself, Peggy's footsteps are dogged by the shadow of her sister's fame. Awed and silent in the presence of her family, her natural reaction is to hold forth at Bennington. A vein of seriousness does not keep her from such frivolities as football games. But there the resemblance to Katharine gets her more atten-



Bob Hepburn, 26, the family's conservative, became a Hartford interne after finishing his Harvard education in 1939.



Dick Hepburn, 18, pinkest of Hepburns, writes plays of social significance which have yet to succeed. He is Harvard '43.

tion than a *Follies* blonde in the cheering section. Generally, however, the Hepburn girls have never "gone out" much with beaux but have brought them to the house. The sisters were always afraid they might miss some of the interesting things going on at home.

The guest who was never identified

A visit to the Hepburns is an experience a stranger does not forget. In the first place he is liable not to be noticed at all. So many are invited that there is often confusion as to who brought whom, and the story is told of one man who came to dinner and was never identified at all. Nobody liked him and he was ignored. Mrs. Hepburn likes to address strangers at the table with, "To whom am I indebted for this shuffle?" This is translated roughly as, "What member of the family dealt you out of the pack?"

The Hepburns are much too restless to sit still throughout a meal. Katharine likes to get up in the middle of a course, fetch a plate of peas from the kitchen and, ignoring the maids, serve them herself. Peggy, who is likely to be in shorts though snow is deep on the lawn outside, will stroll over to the fireplace and stand before it, contemplatively rubbing her back. The only note of formality about dinner is the carving of the roast, done by the doctor with surgical precision.

Mrs. Hepburn's first question to any visitor, without bothering with formal introductions or the like frippery, is "How do you stand politically?" Should the visitor admit to any conservative leanings—a rather wide field since Mrs. Hepburn is far to the left of Roosevelt—her usual retort is, "How dull, how awfully dull!"

In the Hepburns' particular form of intolerance, there are three categories of untouchables, who are immediately labeled, to their faces, "hopeless" and dispensed with. They are The Dumb, The Complacent and The Conservative. Naturally this respectable segment of the population would in return consider the Hepburns self-centered and opinionated. In fact, of course, the Hepburns are intensely excited about anybody doing something interesting, or eager to talk about something interesting. Hence they bring home droves of writers, artists, actors, directors, poets and any other form of intellectual exhibit.

A discussion is always going on wherever two or more Hepburns are gathered together. Favorite subjects are politics, the Russian Experiment, morals, modern education, sex. The only taboo is criticism of Katharine in her absence. Any mention of her merely hoists her higher on the family pedestal, and at the drop of a hint, Mrs. Hepburn will get out her encyclopedic clipping book and attempt to prove that *The Lake's* reviews were favorable.

Mrs. Hepburn loves to egg her husband on into arguments for the fun of it, until the living room is reminiscent of a rough day in Congress, with all parliamentary rules suspended. Mrs. Hepburn, Katharine and Peggy, none of whom would dream of putting their preachings into practice, will urge their theories of free love on extremely moral Doctor Hepburn. The more they talk, the louder he will bellow his objections, while Bob and Marion demurely listen. Ludlow Smith, Katharine's ever-present former husband, another pillar of morality, will spring to the Doctor's defense, until the whole discussion breaks up in uproarious laughter that scares visitors.

These practices completely overawe Hartford society, a sleek group of wealthy insurance families and descendants of enterprising Yankee peddlers. When the Hepburns moved into Hartford, a delegation of shocked ladies came to inform Mrs. Hepburn that she would simply have to stop her birth-control propaganda. Her answer was to send the children out on the streets selling Mrs. Sanger's pamphlets. Now that the Hepburns are famous, Hartford wishes it knew them better but it still considers them "arrry." Hepburns do just as they like. They don't go to church. They get fined for speeding, regularly. Ex-Husband Smith, a Philadelphia broker whom Katharine

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

Miss Margaret Biddle, attractive young daughter of Mrs. Henry C. Biddle of Philadelphia, enjoys one of society's smart indoor polo matches.



The younger social set loves skin. To Margaret, a "pill" is just part of the fun, and she has a good laugh at her companion's expense.

QUESTION TO MISS BIDDLE

Miss Biddle, does a girl looking forward to her thrilling debut year take any special care of her complexion?

ANSWER: "Oh, a good regular beauty routine is terribly important! I use both Pond's Creams every day of my life—Pond's Cold Cream to cleanse and soften my skin night and morning, and freshen it during the day. It's all wrong to put new make-up on top of old, so I always give my skin a good Pond's cleansing before fresh make-up."

QUESTION: Doesn't an afternoon of skin make your skin rough and difficult to powder?

ANSWER: "No, it really doesn't. You see, I spread a film of Pond's Vanishing Cream over my skin before going outside for protection. When I come in, I use Vanishing Cream again. It smooths little roughnesses right away—gives my skin a soft finish that takes powder divinely!"

Prominent
Sub-Deb

Popular
Senior

**BOTH Young Moderns
CHEER THE SAME
Thorough SKIN CARE**

QUESTION TO MISS BOARMAN

What does a good complexion mean to a high-school girl, Miss Boorman?

ANSWER: "It means plenty! No inferno complexion—and loads more fun! And it's so easy to help keep your skin in good condition. Pond's 2 Creams seem to be all I need—Pond's Cold Cream to make my skin clean and fresh looking, and Pond's Vanishing Cream to smooth it for powder."

QUESTION: Miss Boorman, your make-up looks as fresh as if you were just starting out for a dance, instead of just going home! How do you do it?

ANSWER: "I have a system! Before even touching a powder puff, I cleanse and soften my skin with Pond's Cold Cream. After that, I smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream for make-up foundation. Then comes powder. It goes on like velvet and clings for ages!"

Why should Phyllis worry about General Chemistry and English themes when Branchbrook Pond is frozen over and she got new hockey skates for Christmas?



Miss Phyllis Boorman is a much-dated senior at East Orange High School, New Jersey. School basketball games are social as well as athletic get-togethers!



SEND FOR
TRIAL
BEAUTY
KIT

POND'S, Dept. 21CV-A2, Clinton, Conn.
Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of Pond's Vanishing Cream, Pond's Liquefying Cream (quick-melting cleansing cream) and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____

Copyright, 1940, Pond's Extract Company

She's learning early...



**IT'S HARD TO WEAR OUT
A PEQUOT!**

HERE'S a bride of 1900, making her first test of Pequot wear.

Her tooth test is new, and we're for it. Pequot invites tests—tugs tests—any kind of wear test you can devise.

We've passed laundering tests, laboratory tests and—hardest of all—the housewife test! Women have voted us the most popular sheet in America. And we're looking for new worlds to conquer!

So... what's your wear test? A husky, growing fancy? Unusual washing conditions? The harder your test, the better we'd like it—and the better you'll like Pequot!

Just don't let rich appearance surprise you, when you buy Pequots. The same superior cotton and firm weave that make Pequots look so luxurious, also make them strong. You'll put Pequots on your guest beds for luxury—on every bed for wear.



Luxury You'll Love! Stretch and relax in the smooth, carefree luxury of Pequots! These crisp, snowy sheets invite sleep—the firm weave resists rumpling, keeps the sheets fresh longer. Pequot Mills, Salem, Mass.



U. S. Testing Co. of New York checks every month on Pequot Sheets bought at random throughout the United States. Every sheet has exceeded government standards for weight, thread count, breaking strength.



THE HEPBURNS (continued)

nine left because her career kept her too busy, has been coming up frequently since two months after the divorce. Mrs. Hepburn introduces him as "our dear, sweet ex."

"Lud" is an example of how the men in Katharine's life end up in the galling capacity of "friends of the family." He illustrates also the Hepburn habit of enveloping favorites into the fold. In the huge house at Fenwick—unfinished because they will never stop adding to it and changing it around—there is a room for Smith. He has arrived today at a complacent middle age, which is simply not glamorous enough for Katharine.

The details of life are completely disorganized. The Doctor says he runs the family, Mrs. Hepburn thinks she does and Katharine, when she is home, knows she does. But the home functions from sheer nervous energy. On Sundays breakfast will probably be served at 12, lunch at 4 and dinner at about 9. Any caller attempting to drop in at a socially correct moment is bound to arrive in the middle of a meal. If it were not for Dr. Hepburn, nobody would ever pay a bill or see that mechanical devices functioned. He is the only one to remember to put gas in the car. Marion and Peggy are apt to drive off to Bennington with no water in the radiator, oil last changed in 1937 and with 50¢ borrowed from the maid. When a canopy was put over part of the lawn for Marion's wedding, everybody liked it so much that no one ever got around to having it taken down.

Everyone in the family had a hand in building the house at Fenwick, a three-storied affair of more than 20 rooms. Katharine has expensive tastes, and excellent furniture was ordered and installed, only to be sent back when somebody didn't like it. Three different Hepburns gave three different orders for building the dining-room fireplace.

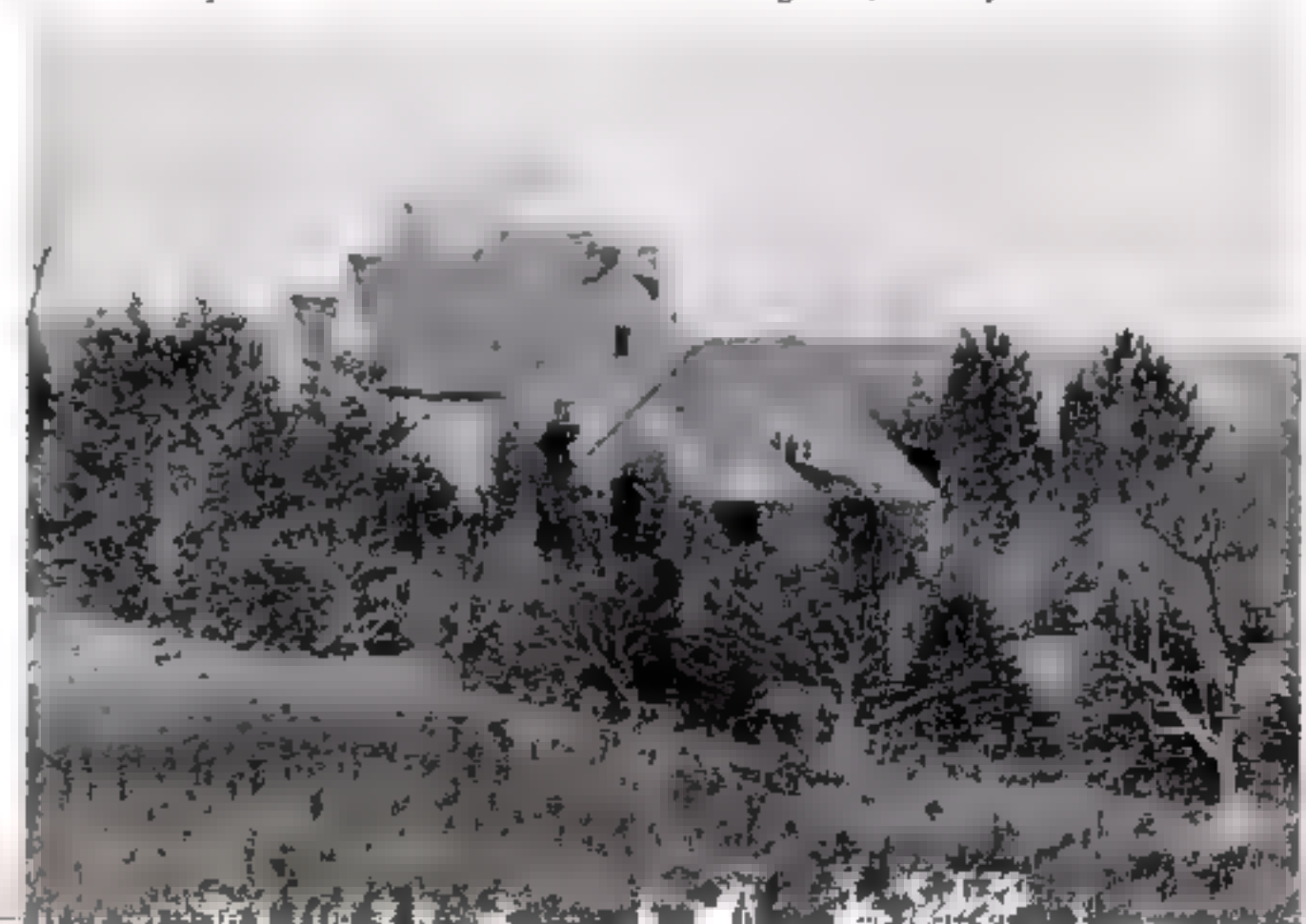
The Hepburn family has a certain sociological significance. It is an extreme result of the progressive theory of child upbringing. Nowadays when many parents are attempting to apply this theory to their own families, the Hepburns offer an important case history. It would of course be a mistake to assume that any parents can simply let their offspring run wild and end up with a brood of Hepburns. Inheritance—of brains, looks, etc.—and money and the parents themselves had a lot to do with it. Most parents would not be able to set such a careful intellectual stage upon which to let their children run loose. But the Hepburns show what can be achieved with every advantage.

Katharine and the outside world

The impact of the Hepburns on one another is lively enough. The impact of the Hepburns on the outside world, as best illustrated by Katharine, is spectacular. She offended at least half the people she met in Hollywood. She made enemies of virtually all reporters by answering stupid questions with, "Children? Yes, I have five, all colored," or, "My husband? What husband? I don't remember getting married."

On the other hand, Miss Hepburn is worshiped by a small clique of friends of all classes and degrees and returns the worship with equal fanaticism. People like her former roommate Laura Harding, Smith, her leading man Van Heflin, Jane Cowl, Philip Barry, Director George Cukor and whoever else strikes her aggressive fancy, become almost members of the Hepburn family. Her charities are many and anonymous. Proud members of the stage crew display gold wrist watches from Cartier's that she gave them, inscribed with her name, and in awed tones explain, "They all cost over \$100." She has no sense about money; her father had to take

Family's Hartford home, located in a pleasant residential district, has 20-odd rooms. Here the Hepburns entertain a constant stream of guests, notably writers and artists.



her in hand financially. In a hushed voice the hard-boiled Theatre Guild press agent says, "She tips out-of-town doormen \$20 for one-night stands. *Nobody* tips doormen \$20!"

She rubs elbows with all sorts of people. She stopped her car at the curb one night and hunched down with her chauffeur, Charlie Newhill, and two cops who wanted to hear the Apostoli-Conn prizefight on her radio. She romps about, cusses and chain-smokes with the best. She keeps her head property man, carpenter and electrician under personal contract to herself, an absolutely novel relationship, because she likes them personally and doesn't like to work with strangers. She threw a big party for the stagehands at her home. She often lends them her car, and on one such occasion during the *Jane Eyre* roadshow came around later to ask permission to ride up to New York with them. At 3:30 a.m. one cold rainy night in Omaha, Hepburn was driving to the station after the show when she spied Walter Hemingway, the carpenter, driving the prop-laden, horse-drawn 40-ft. wagon to the railroad. "That's Wally on the wagon!" she cried. "I'm going to get out and ride with him." The objects of this affection believe her the greatest star on earth and one of them summed it up thus:

"There was 5,500 people in the Des Moines Masonic Temple to see her in *Jane Eyre* and they had Shirley Temple in town the same night!"

In New York, Miss Hepburn leads a quiet personal life. She avoids parties and night clubs. She gets up late, eats like a horse, takes a tennis lesson on Joe Sawyer's East River courts, sometimes studies with Miss Frances Robinson-Duff, the diaphragm-control expert, and naps before the show. Frequently friends go home with her afterwards and talk for several hours, particularly affable Van Heflin, who has the male lead in *The Philadelphia Story*. Later, guests and servants leave and she sleeps by herself in the big old brownstone house.

The Philadelphia Story, last season's smash hit, surprisingly led all Broadway straight plays through last summer and fall by a wide margin, will soon go on the road. The play was written expressly for Miss Hepburn by Philip Barry and its heroine is a girl very like Katharine Hepburn in character. Heroine Tracy Lord's first marriage has dismally failed because she behaved "more like a Moon Goddess than a wife," because she holds up austere standards of achievement that her former husband cannot fulfill. When, at the end of Barry's play, Tracy loses her arrogance and ceases to regard herself as a goddess, she achieves a metamorphosis not yet fully attained in the private life of Katharine Hepburn.

The Philadelphia Story is jointly owned by Mr. Barry, Miss Hepburn and the Theatre Guild, all of whom are aware of a jackpot when they see one. Hollywood is bidding for the play and, if it is made into a movie, Miss Hepburn will play the leading role. But if Miss Hepburn returns to Hollywood, it will not likely be to stay.

Hollywood is no place for a real or imaginary Woman of Destiny who wants to play Joan of Arc and then do "something important." She thinks Hollywood is inadequate; the industry is afraid of the public, afraid of the censors, afraid for its jobs. And in no spirit of reprisal, she mounts the familiar Hepburn rostrum to chide the movies for their failure to realize their opportunity.

"Motion pictures could become one of our greatest mediums of education today," she told the New York *Herald Tribune* Forum. "However, let a movie try to depict situations in which we are all involved now, let a movie try to wake people up to their own plight and suggest a way out; let a movie try to present a moral, economic or political problem of today honestly and simply, and they are advised to hear nothing, say nothing, do nothing."

This is Miss Katharine Hepburn of Hartford moving considerably past B in the intellectual gamut.

Their new summer home at Fenwick, Conn., which Katharine began building for her family in 1939 to replace a cottage damaged by the hurricane, has a tennis court.



"But mother... nobody's insulting you!"

John W.—shows his mother the new way to raise a baby.



1. SON: Take it easy, mother... I only said that Sally had a right to raise the baby in her own way.
MOTHER: Oh well, if my own son thinks I'm wrong—



2. SON: Mother, please!
MOTHER: All right, I won't say another word. If you two won't listen to me with all my experience, well—



3. SON: But mother, we've been over all that a million times. The doctor told Sally and me how to raise the baby. And we're going to listen to him.
MOTHER: What did he say that I don't know?



4. SON: He said that babies today should get special care. Their vegetables should be specially prepared... their milk formulas specially worked out, even their laxative should be made specially for them!
MOTHER: Special laxative? Just name me one!



5. SON: Certainly! It's called FLETCHER'S CASTORIA. And it's designed ONLY for children. It's mild—as a child's laxative should be. Yet it works thoroughly. And it's SAFE. You'll never find a harsh drug in Fletcher's Castoria.



6. MOTHER: Well-I-I... it does sound sensible. But how does he like the taste?
SON: He loves it! I never knew a baby could take a medicine and think it fun at the same time!

Chas. H. Fletcher

CASTORIA

The modern—SAFE—laxative made especially for children



**EAST INDIAN WORKERS
AND DUTCH FLOWERS**



Governor General of the Netherlands Indies, His Excellency Jonkheer A. W. L. Tjarda van Starkenborgh Stachouwer, married to an American, quietly gives natives all possible breaks.



Army Chief of Staff Major General H. ter Porten, who was the first military aviator in The Netherlands, is a friend of Glenn Martin and keeps a model of a Martin bomber in his Bandoeng office.



Chief of Aviation is Colonel L. H. Van Oyen, Inspector of Military Aviation in the Indies. He is building hidden little airfields all over the islands.

DUTCH EAST INDIES

ITS VAST RICHES TEMPT JAPAN

Photographs for LIFE by Horace Bristol

On Jan. 28 the great commercial treaty between the U. S. and Japan expires. Thereafter the U. S. can conceivably vent its indignation on Japan by cutting off the 90,000,000 barrels of oil a year it sells Japan. (Ex-Secretary of State Henry Stimson is now advocating that U. S. aviation gasoline be withheld from Japan.) If Japan lost American oil, it would have to find another supply quickly or become a third-class power. Practically the only possible source would be the Dutch East Indies, which now sends Japan only 10,000,000 of its potential production of 60,000,000 barrels. The terrible possibility that Japan may attempt to gobble up the Dutch East Indies for its oil is now the big news of this great colonial empire.

If Japan should attack the Dutch East Indies, it would quite possibly find the U. S. Navy on its tail, for such a conquest would also give Japan control of the Philippines. Hence, the Dutch in the Indies look with increasing admiration and concern toward the U. S. In the following pages LIFE, through the camera of Horace Bristol, returns the compliment.

This sprawling empire of 20,000 islands, officially called the Netherlands Indies since 1934, covers a sea area wider than the U. S. It has 65,000,000 brown natives of 137 cultures, 3,000,000 water buffalo (carabao), 4,500,000 oxen and 700,000 horses (never used for farm work), a few rhinoceroses, elephants, orangutans, tigers and a choice collection of volcanoes.



NETHERLANDS INDIES TOTAL 20,000 ISLANDS

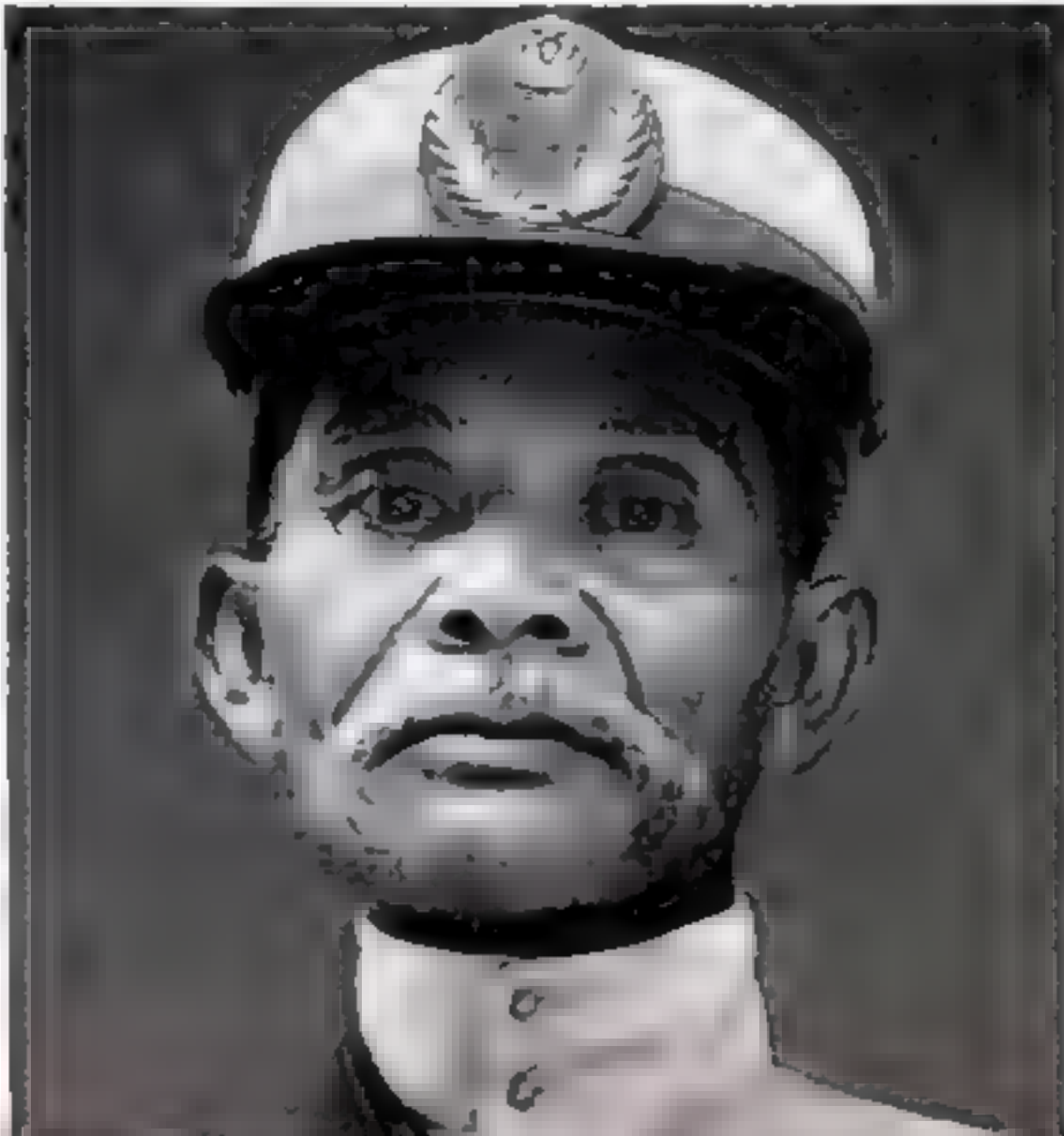
Having found this rich land in 1596, the Dutch really began to work it a century ago. Since then, they have given every nation in the world a startling demonstration of how to get the best out of a colonial empire. They built a vast water system, multiplying the fertility of Java, the best island, and increasing its population from 9,000,000 to 45,000,000. The native system of private ownership and communal work took full advantage of these improvements. The Dutch guaranteed the natives their land. They invited foreign capital under strict supervision to exploit the islands' oil, rubber, tea, quinine, tin, tobacco, sugar, copra, teakwood, tapioca, sulphur. They stamped out disease, built railroads, overruled the local princes and set up a half-native parliament (*Volkraad*).

As a result, the Dutch East Indies has richly repaid The Netherlands. Javanese natives are being helped to emigrate to Sumatra and Borneo. The good luck of the Indies is that, though the rains constantly wash out the soil's fertility, high-class volcanic ash every now and then rejuvenates the soil.

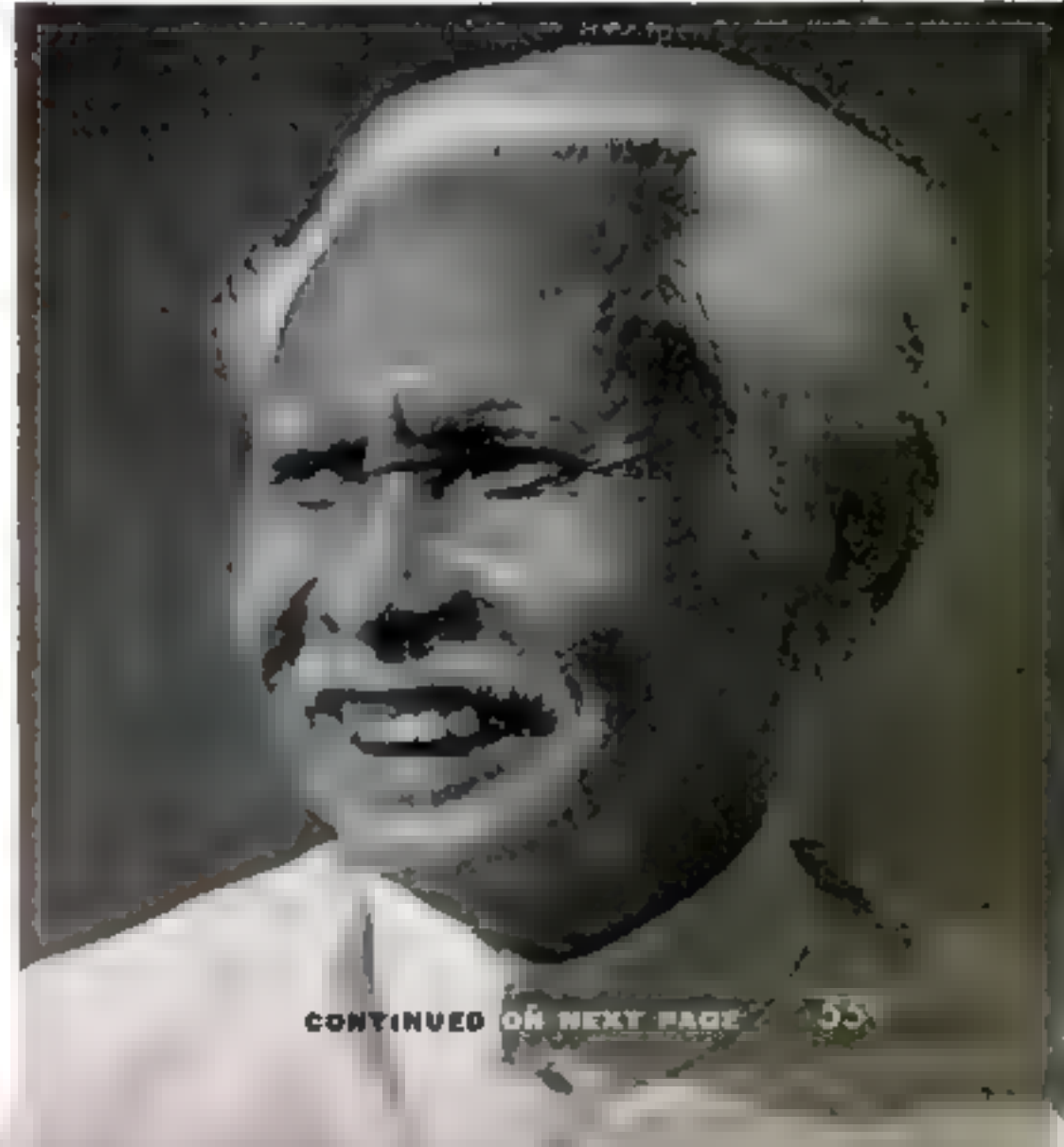
Javanese regent. Of princely stock, he is chosen from his family by the Governor General for intelligence, and tractability, has strictly limited powers. He wears Moslem *setangan kepala*.



Mayor, or lurah, of a little Javanese village is the lowest elected job holder in the Indies. The blue sash draped over his shoulder holds up an old saber. His cap bears the insignia of Netherlands crown.



Balinese raja has filed down his mouthful of gold teeth to avoid "looking like an animal." The Balinese aristocrats are charming, intelligent and democratic.





FOUR JAVANESE AND ONE WHITE MAN OPERATE A GERMAN-MADE ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUN. THIS SAME WEAPON CAN BE USED AT CLOSE RANGE AGAINST TANKS

ITS DEFENSE COSTS DUTCH \$75,000,000

The Indies, unaided, would have a hard time defending itself against a large-scale Japanese attack. Its first move would be to mine the shallow and treacherous straits that lead past the Philippines and Sumatra toward Java, lie in wait for the Japanese Navy with 15 submarines, 42 torpedo boats, eight destroyers, three cruisers. When the Japanese transports tried to land troops, they would be spotted by big German Dorniers, bombed by 150 Martins, which are the backbone of the Indies Air Force. When the Japanese bombers headed for the Dutch air fields, they would be met by fire from a mass of such light automatic 20-mm. cannon as that shown above. The Japanese, poor bombers, would have to fly low and that would be perfect for these guns.

After the Japanese Army has landed, it will be met by the crack Indies Army of some 40,000 men, three-quarters of whom are natives. The Dutch have less than a score of Vickers tanks and one coast-artillery battalion. Their planes include all kinds of Martins, Dornier flying boats, Dutch Fokker fighters, Koolhoven and Fokker reconnaissance planes. The Dutch KLM airline provides splendid repair shops. There are three big military air bases. The islands are dotted with small secret airfields in the jungle where single squadrons can base in case of attack.

Java is the most civilized of the Dutch islands and would be hardest for the Japanese to capture. Borneo and its oil wells would be the most vulnerable. Last year the defense appropriation was \$75,000,000.

OIL IS THE LURE OF DUTCH INDIES



AMERICAN OIL MANAGER

The Dutch East Indies might be safe from Japan at least until after the U. S. quits the Philippines, if it produced only quinine, rubber, tea, ivory, tapioca and orangutans. But its fatal charm is that it also produces a great deal of excellent oil. And Japan some day may need oil badly and in a hurry.

As if in anticipation of that day, the Dutch in the Indies have already begun to move their refineries from the oil area in vulnerable Borneo to the much safer base at Palembang, far up a river in Sumatra (*see map, p. 1*). Here, too, in central and southeastern Sumatra, there is oil. Total potential production of all Indies oil is estimated at 60,000,000 barrels a year (as against U. S. production of 1,200,000,000 barrels). Actual production is now about 57,000,000 barrels, of which 10,000,000 are sold to Japan, the rest used at home or sold to the British at Singapore.

The Dutch naturally gave their first oil concession, with usual restrictions, to Royal Dutch Shell. Later they gave Standard Oil of N. J. a concession that Royal Dutch had abandoned. The Americans put in modern machinery and made it pay. Since then, Standards of New York and California have also explored for oil.

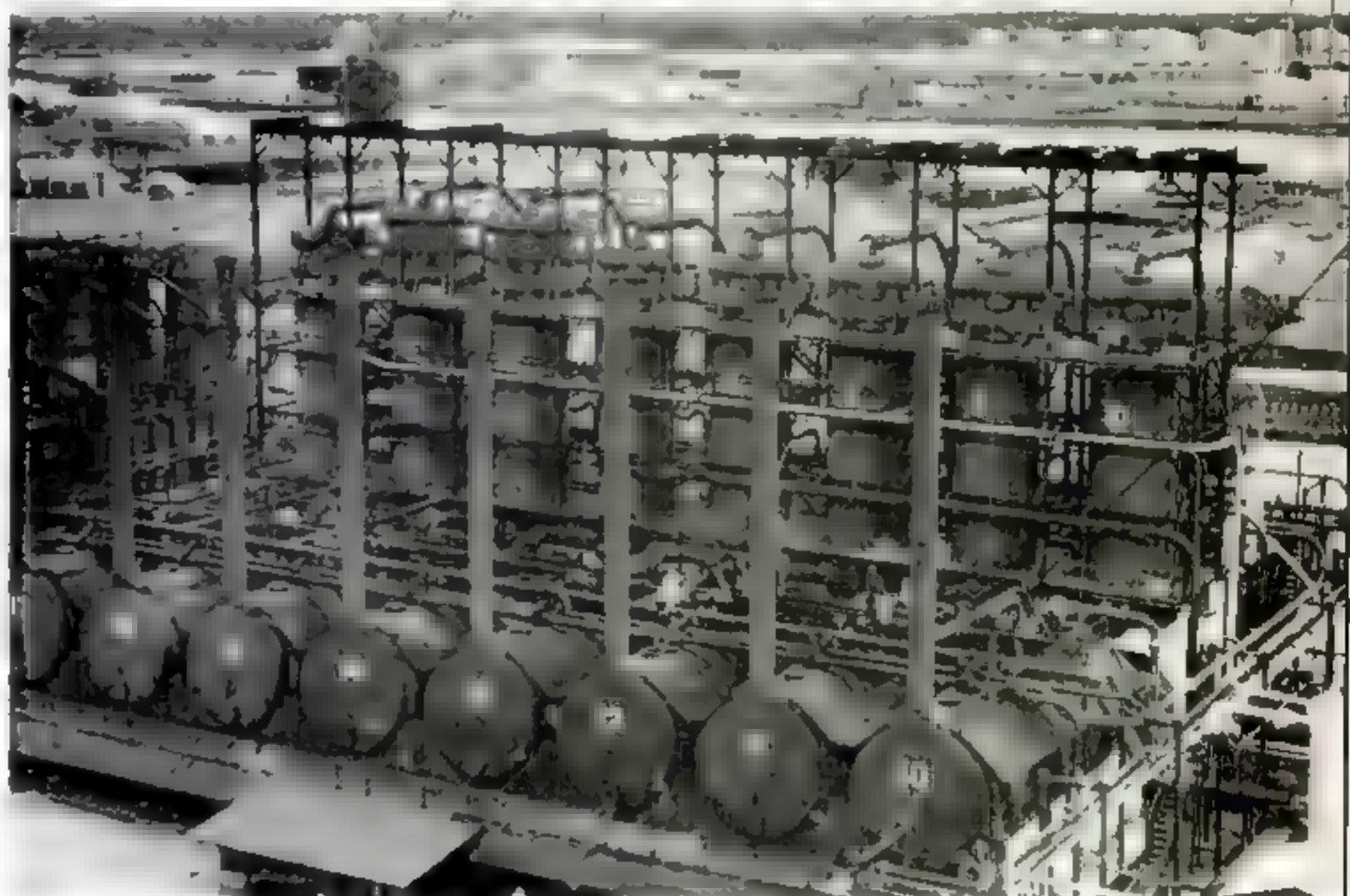
Standard Vacuum's general manager in Sumatra is Lloyd W. ("Shorty") Elliott (*above*), an Oklahoman who, unlike most Americans in the Indies, has married a Dutch girl and moves in Dutch circles. He employs 75 Americans, 600 Hollanders, 8,000 natives. His office is in Palembang. Though the Dutch prefer U. S. cars, they use British Austins now instead, because American cars use too much gasoline at 60¢ a gallon (of which 43¢ is tax).

Oil well in hot, wet central Sumatra, of Standard's subsidiary, NKPM (Nederlandse Koloniale Petroleum Maatschaapj), managed by Elliott.



Oil citadel seven miles outside Palembang. On the opposite shore of the Soengi Gerong are the tanks of Royal Dutch Shell. In foreground are the cooling

barracks (*kampongs*) of Standard Oil. Standard is now getting ready to produce 100-octane aviation gasoline. All this is protected by British Singapore.



Cracking plant of Standard Oil, with Royal Dutch Shell tanks in background. Palembang is upstream off left of picture. More of Standard's Palembang

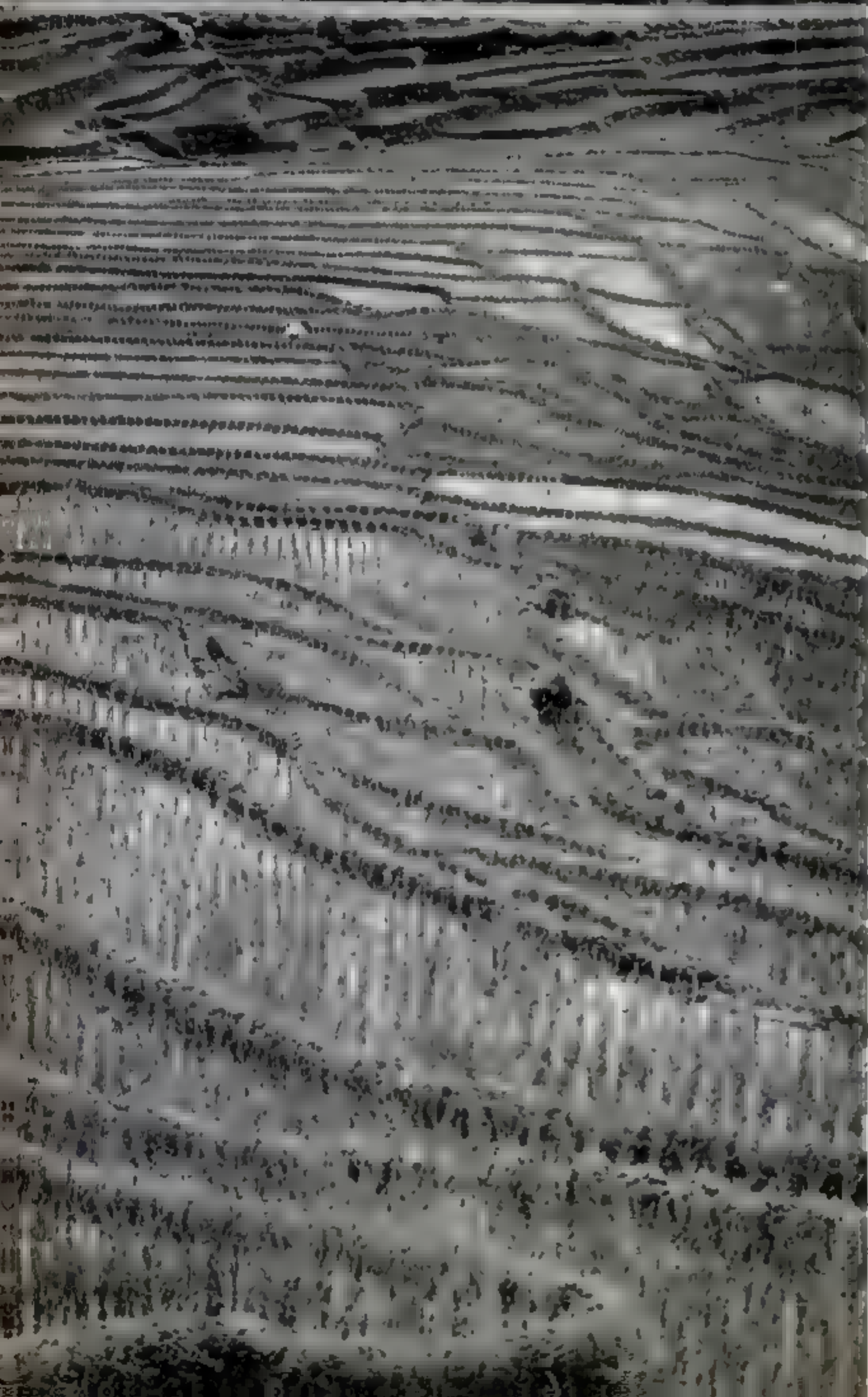
property is shown below. Ocean-going tankers can come up river, dock here. A ship is barely visible at dock in center background. Wells are in jungles.



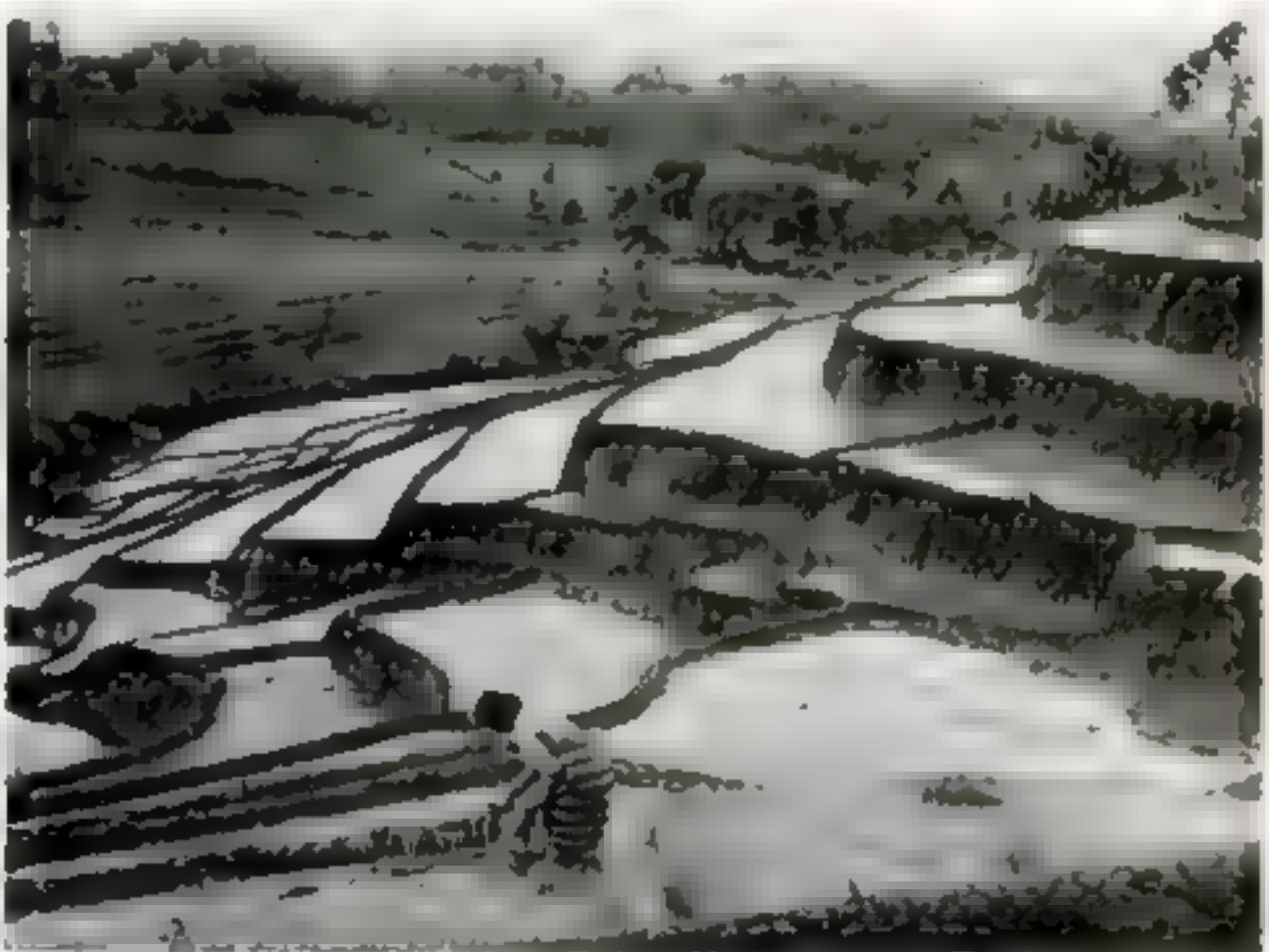
DUTCH EAST INDIES (continued)

THE RICE FIELDS OF JAVA FEED ALL THE INDIES





Ploughing the flooded rice paddies (*sawahs*) at beginning of rainy season in November. The carabao goes berserk at the smell of a white man. Ducks, which East Indians eat rather than chickens, are trained to stay close to stacks driven in mud to keep them out of seeded paddies. In far background is grown rice.



Transplanting from seedlings in foreground. Notice high-banked terraces and neatly spaced plants on upper steps. This is in central Java, near the scene at left, looking down the central valley on the road to Bandung. After the rice has been harvested, goldfish and carp are sometimes raised in the ponds.



The harvest is brought in in haste as it begins to rain, to be piled in the neat stacks in the background. This is a plantation at Banjoewangi in Java. In the scene at the left, notice the sacred banyan tree at the far right. Along the road young trees have been protected from carabao by round bamboo fences.



First improved quinine trees imported into Java 75 years ago stand behind Government Plantation Manager M. A. van

Roggen and his family. In foreground are 2-year-old plants, in background 7-year-old trees soon to be cut up and stripped

of bark and roots. Seeds of the old trees with a high quinine content were turned down by British, snapped up by Dutch.

QUININE

Prize sample of what able management has done in the Indies is quinine. Both quinine and rubber were first discovered in South America. But the South Americans let both slip through their fingers. The Dutch transplanted them in the Dutch East Indies and have made their fortune. *Cinchona* (quinine) is very hard on the soil. The Dutch have spectacularly raised the quinine content of cinchona bark from a Peruvian 3% to a maximum of 18%. At three years, young trees are transplanted to the high mountain plateaus. At their tenth year, the Dutch begin to cut them down, using bark and sometimes roots, planting young trees in their place. By the 20th year, all the old trees are gone and they have begun to cut out new 10-year-olds. Result is that the Netherlands Indies now supplies about 95% of the world's quinine and arbitrarily controls distribution and price. The chief use of quinine is to slay off malaria, the curse of the Indies as of all other tropical countries.



Cinchona bark is stripped from 10-year-old tree by native Javanese worker with a chisel. The bark runs as high as 18% quinine.



Flaked bark is put in wooden trays and exposed in the 90° sun to dry, and pulled under cover every day when it rains.



Selected seeds are wafted out of pile by feathers held by Javanese women workers. The ideal seed is clearly advertised

in the framed picture on the wall at top, shaped much like a human tooth. The Dutch have profitably raised the cinchona

bark from a 3% quinine producer, as in the wild trees in Peru, to a high of 18% and a present average of around 8%.



Quinine sacks are each worth \$100 wholesale. World is now over-supplied, and production has been cut to 50%



Cordwood is the last humbating state of profitable cinchona tree after the quinine-full bark and roots have been removed.



Grafting the high-quinine-content *Cinchona ledgeriana* of the Dutch East Indies on a sturdier but inferior stock for hardness.

DUTCH EAST INDIES (continued)

WHITES LIVE WELL

Some 240,000 Europeans living in the Indies rise at 6 a. m., work until 1 p. m., lunch, sleep until 5 p. m., dine at 8 p. m. Most of the drinking (Holland gin, whisky, beer) occurs during the evening. Servants get less than \$8 a month. Everybody has at least two. Handyman (*kebon*) carries broadsword, defends the household. Some 90% of the white men have Javanese blood. They prefer American canned goods, movies, fashions and automobiles. In wartime, bars have triple bays, for Germans, Dutch and English. All year, days and nights are twelve hours long, dawns and dusks abrupt, mornings clear, noons with cool sea breeze, afternoons with rain and thunder. The temperature ranges between 70° and 90°.

Only 2,000 of 65,000,000 Javanese earn more than \$2,000 a year. The rest rarely see cash. Called "the world's kindest people," they are reproducing at a rate that would put 116,000,000 people on Java by the year 2000.



The Indies' No. 1 Architect Robert Deppe and wife Tina have coffee at 5 p. m. Note goldfish pond (foreground), Frigidaire through door, which has revolutionized white life in the Indies.

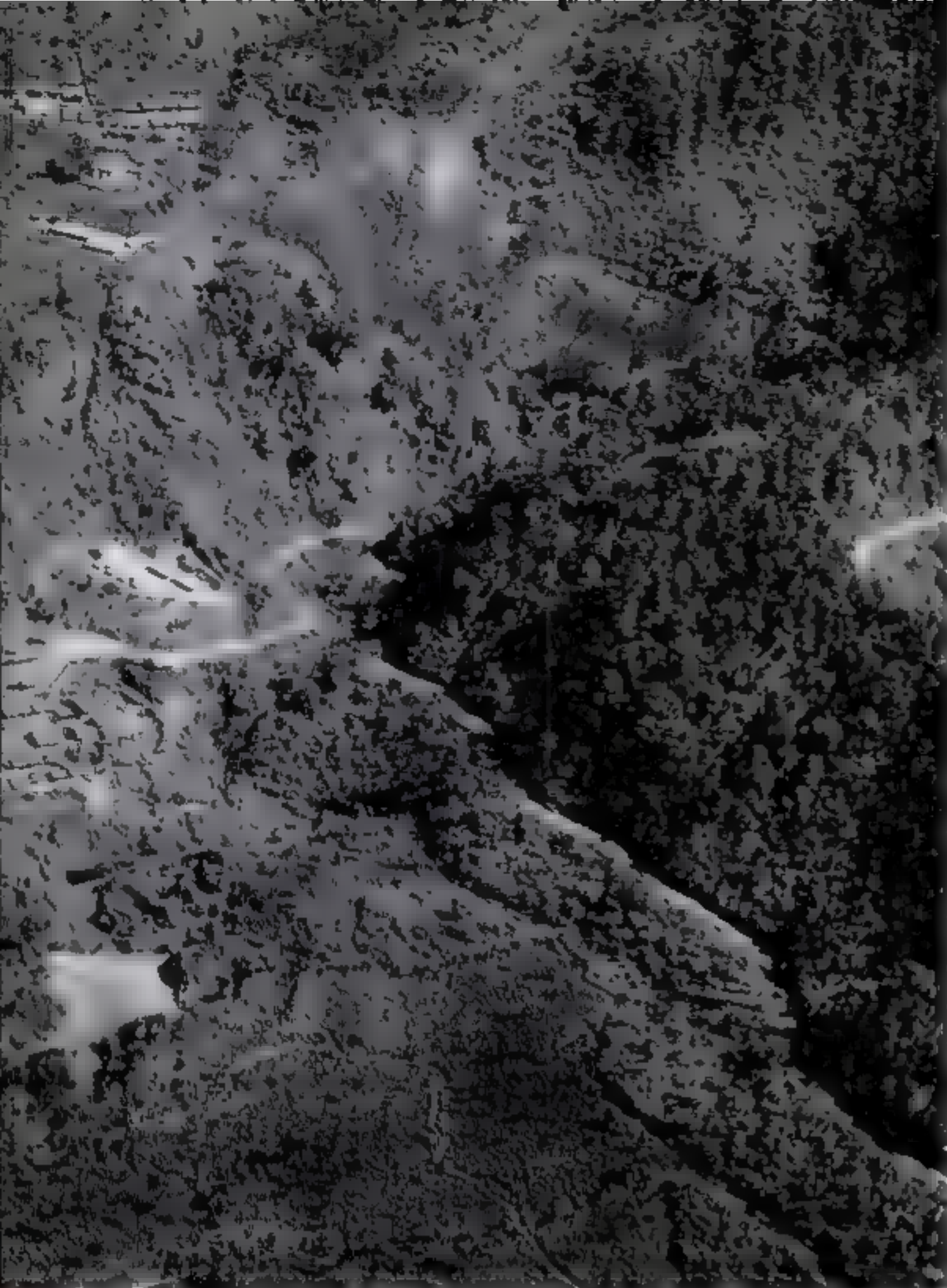


In pajamas at 7 a. m., Architect Deppe, who built Indies buildings at the San Francisco and Tokyo Fairs, makes \$6,000 a year, drinks coffee, reads *Jara Bode*, lives in modernistic home.



Tea plantation in the hills of Java's Preanger. In the center are blowing and drying sheds, and coolie houses. All around are tea bushes shaded by acacia trees. At the right is the edge of the teak jungle. White men keep up tennis courts and swimming pool.





Afternoon nap is taken by everybody in Java. Here Architect Deppe's daughters Robertina and Hiska and their dolls (center) sleep without sheets but with a "Dutch wife" roll to absorb perspiration in wet 90° afternoon heat. Seven Dwarfs at top.



Government dams store water only for vast Government-owned or native-owned land, never for property owned by foreigners. Water-grown rice became universal diet only 90 years ago.



Goodyear makes tires from its own rubber plantations. Other U. S. companies holding Government concessions are U. S. Rubber and General Motors, as well as Standard Oil companies.



Ships loaded with sand wait at Batavia and Surabaya to be swung across the harbor mouths and sunk in case of Japanese attack on Indies' two biggest cities. This is in Batavia harbor.



Krakatao made the biggest noise the world has ever heard from Aug. 26 to 28, 1883. This volcano simply blew its head

off and the stump of neck that remains today is shown above. The column exploded 17 mi. straight up, waves spread 7,000

mi., the noise traveled 3,000 mi., and pumice dust fell on London, Lima and Cape Town. The dead numbered 36,000.



The monkey dance of Bali, off the other end of Java from Krakatao, is performed by the hands of all the young men

of the village. It is held before the temple gateway and is a fine satiric mimicry of monkeys. Bali is the island of

Hindus where art flourishes. On the opposite page is a 15-year-old Balinese girl ready to dance the part of a prince.



CAPTAIN DE GRINEAU FOLLOWS THE BRITISH TROOPS IN FRANCE AND SENDS BACK SKETCHES OF THEIR LIFE IN THE TRENCHES

These five sketches of British troops in France are reprinted from recent issues of the *Illustrated London News*. They are by Captain Bryan de Grineau, special war artist for the *News* in France, who is again carrying on the great tradition of England's Wartime illustrators.

During the World War, England was the first nation which officially commissioned artists to record the conflict. Her best painters, men like Orpen, Kennington, Lavery, were given a free hand to sketch where they pleased, from fighting planes, battleships, front-line trenches. What resulted was an excellent record of war in sketches and paintings, and a new style of journalistic illustration. Today artists are standing again at the front beside the cameramen, helping by their powers of interpretation to depict the huge spectacle of war.

Captain de Grineau takes up his job for the *Illustrated London News* as an old hand. He was War

artist for the same magazine in 1914-18 when he served in the Royal Field Artillery in France. His art combines a soldier's accuracy of detail with the spontaneity of a quick action sketch.

Surprisingly, his pictures shown here could easily be mistaken for War art 25 years ago. Styles in battle have not changed much except in one respect. Today there is less emphasis on individual soldiers. We see no British Tommy going over the top with extended bayonet. Trench life has not yet produced such homely characters as England's Ole Bill and America's Private Smith. The new war art is less human because war itself is becoming dehumanized.

For his most dramatic sketch, Captain de Grineau drew an air battle from the pilot's seat of an R. A. F. Hawker Hurricane fighter. His sketch, at the bottom of the opposite page, shows the British plane destroying a German bomber. Significantly, it shows no men—just machines and a stream of bullets.



King George inspects troops in the fog on his visit to France in December. Soldiers stand at attention as King passes but, when someone shouts "Off-hedress—three cheers for the king," they

greet him in traditional British Army style, wave caps, cheer wildly. Below: an outpost of the Magnot Line manned by British troops resembles trenches of 1914-18, even to the mud and clay.



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At a canteen in France, where soldiers wait their turn to buy supplies, staff officers rub shoulders with privates sent in from the front with "shopping lists." Believing in a high standard of

living for its defenders, Britain offers them soap and foodstuffs cheaper than on the home front. Whisky is sold for seven shillings (about \$1.38 a quart) and gin for five shillings (about 98¢).



At an anti-aircraft post in France, British soldiers have built a shelter out of an old tinical, labeled it No. 10 Downing Street, stuck an umbrella in the roof (right). The roof is camouflaged

with grass. Below, an aerial battle, drawn from the pilot's seat of a British fighter, shows a German bomber being shot down by streams of bullets from guns mounted in the attacker's wings.



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Chorus girls and boys, like little kids at Coney Island, wall about 1 m shallow water, shriek as a fast leg drenches off.

Even in caps and with water streaking their faces, the girls look pretty. Most of them would rather run between the

lines and toss back a few shrimps and fish than sit up to be poked and prodded. They are not very good swimmers.



Pretty Leila Ernst tries to duck handsome Juvenile Lead Dick Kollmar. She is a Boston society girl, making her New York debut as a comedienne in part of Takilak Lau in *Too Many Girls*.



Dorothy Poplar, chorus girl, screams for help as Van Johnson, Russ Maitland and Harold Young struggle for boys to take all away from her. The average age of these chorus girls is 20.

Life goes to a Swimming Party

with the chorus of "Too Many Girls"
in the world's most expensive pool

The chorus girls in the Broadway hit *Too Many Girls* are nice young kids. They look and act more like attractive high school girls than professional stage folk. But they work harder than most high school girls. In addition to dancing eight shows a week, they spend hours every day taking ballet and singing lessons, or learning to be dramatic actresses.

When they are not working, they love to go swimming. Actually they would like nothing better than to spend the winter on a beach in Florida, but they must stay in New York to earn their living. There, once a week, they go to the Hotel St. George in Brooklyn, swim in the big 120-ft. pool. They have a wonderful time. Squealing and shrieking, they push each other in the pool, wrestle with the chorus boys, do cartwheels and backbends. Under sun-ray lamps, they even get a suntan.

The girls like the St. George pool because it looks rich and luxurious, is mirrored like a Louis XIV palace. Built in 1930 for \$1,264,000, it is the world's most expensive pool. Walls and ceiling are covered by a solid expanse of gold mirrors. The water itself is salt, coming up through artesian wells from an underground stream of salt water. The balconies can hold more than 2,000 spectators.

Fortnight ago, LIFE Photographer Dave Scherman followed the girls over to the pool. They were glad to have him join the fun, wanted to push him in the water. Unlike high school girls, they were not embarrassed by the camera. Most of them are proud of their faces, legs, figures.



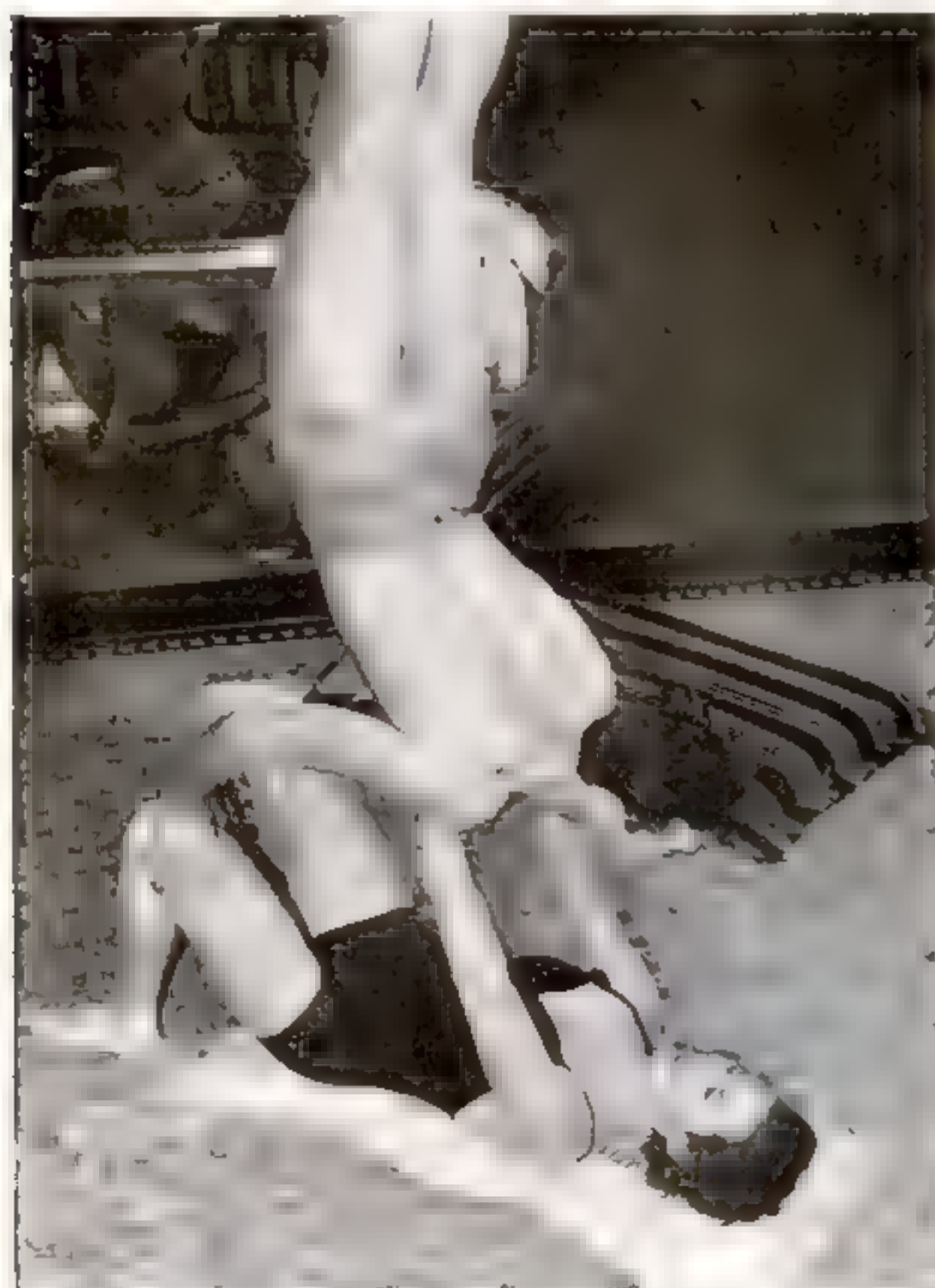
Lights of pool gleam like Miami's sun. At right, Amarilla Morris, the show's jitterbug, knishes up the legs of Sandra Barrett.



Life's Swimming Party (continued)



In front of the mirrors, Tania Rost practices ballet. Her left arm is a 66 lb. post-ure in hand. She went to Wellesley, made Boston society debut in 1938.



A shoulderstand by Bob Howard, with Chorus Girl Alice Craig balancing him. Bob once wanted to be an acrobat in the circus—it never got a chance.



Under the sun-ray lamps, Amanda Morris shows how far she can bend over without moving her feet.

To prevent anybody from getting too much sunbath, lamps turn for only 15 minutes, then go off for five.

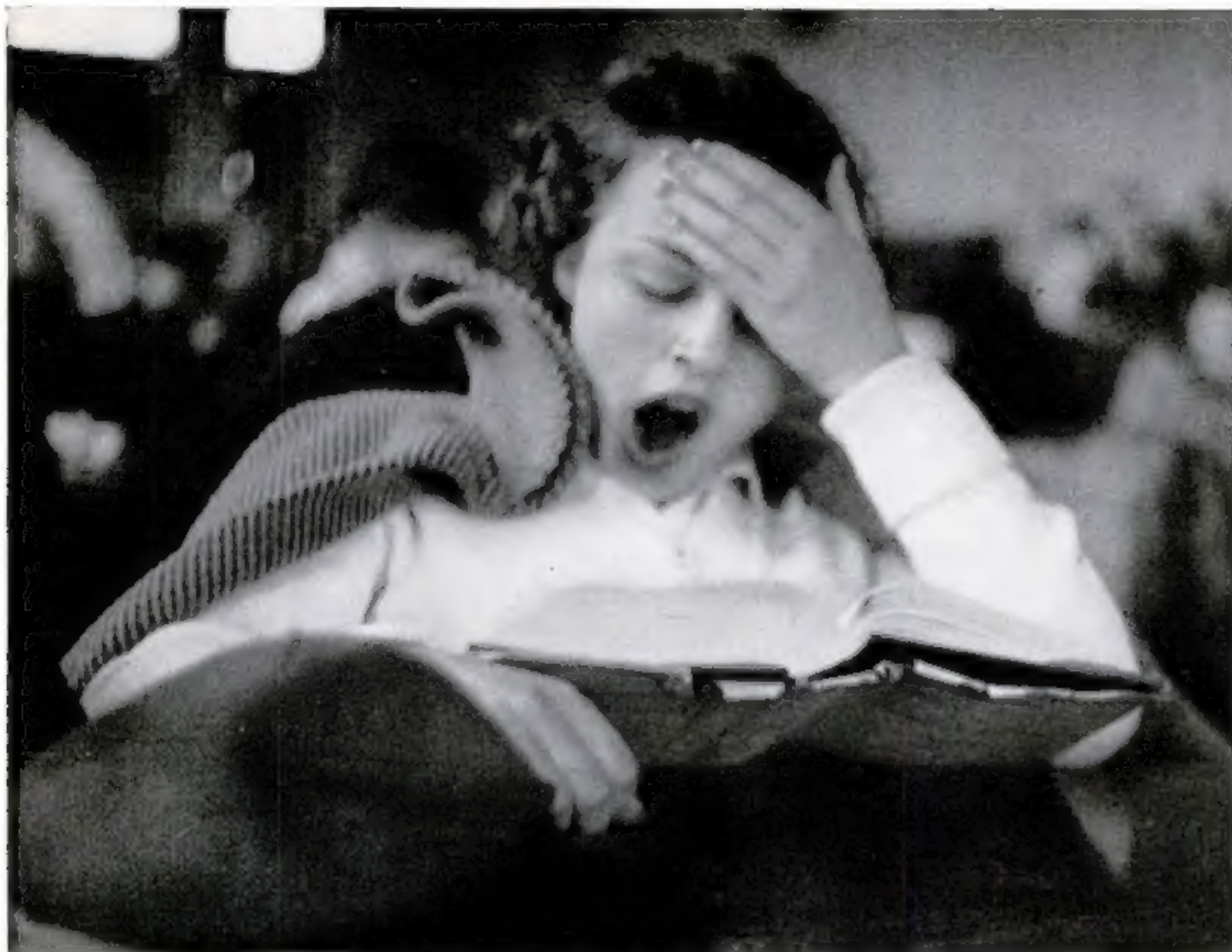


Chorus girls are usually exhibitionists, love to have pictures taken of their legs. Above, exercises by Am-

anda Morris. Anna Mae Tessen and Sonja Barrett. Below, Comedian Eddie Bracken is given a ducking.



PICTURES TO THE EDITORS



THIS CO-ED IS ENJOYING "EMINENT BRITISH WRITERS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY"

COLLEGE LIBRARY

Sirs:

For all their studious and tortured visages, these scholars seem to derive as much education from frequent trips into dreamland as from the printed page.

These very unposed pictures were recorded for pos-

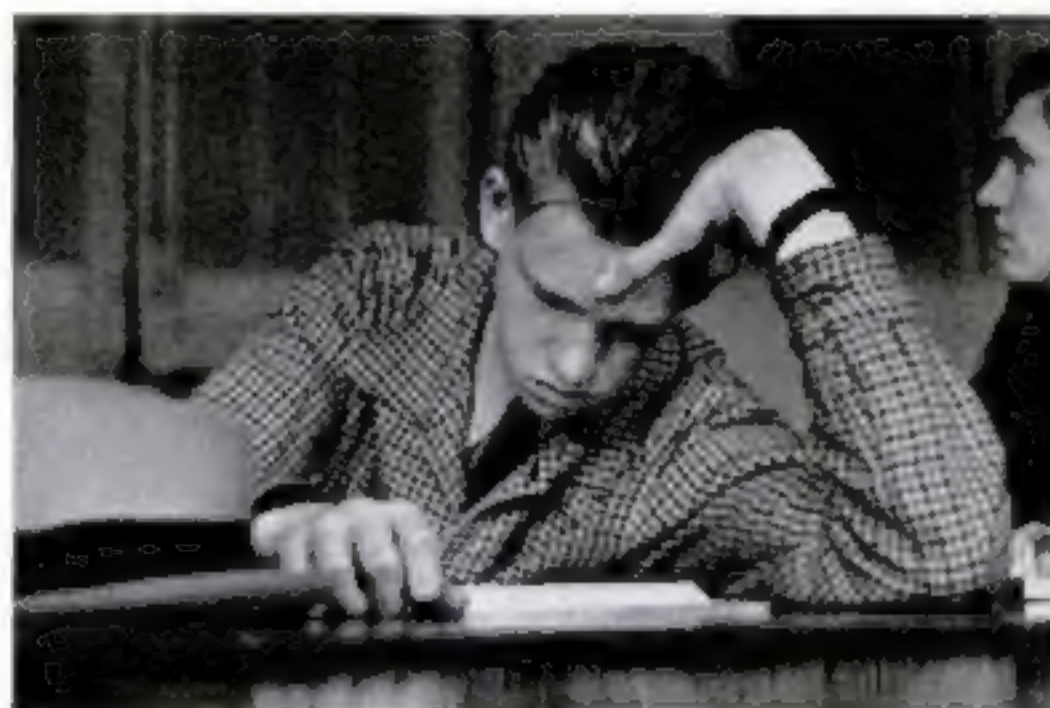
terity without the subjects' knowledge by concealing the camera within a book when such precaution was necessary. All were taken in the University of Utah library last year, when I was sophomore there.

JEANO ORLANDO

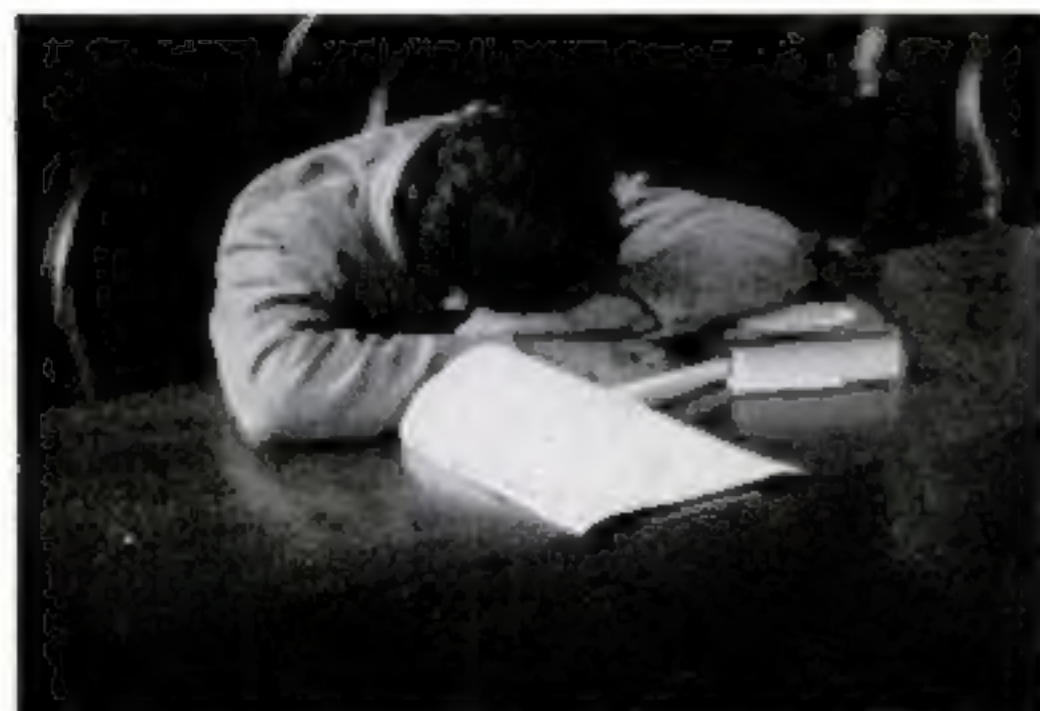
Salt Lake City, Utah



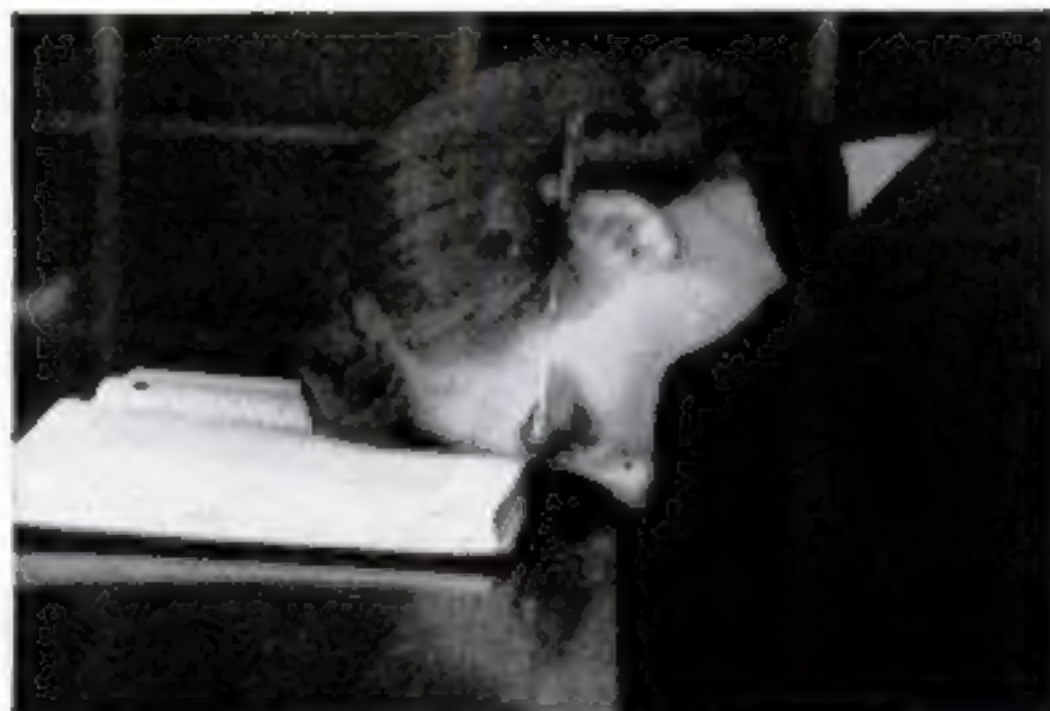
HE LEANS TO THE CANTILEVER STYLE OF HEAD PROP



THE FLYING-BUTTRISS TECHNIQUE SUITS HIM BETTER



OLD AND ESTABLISHED METHOD IS PILLOWS



SHE GOES IN FOR THE COMPLETE COLLAPSE

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PICTURES TO THE EDITORS

(continued)

DANCE ON STILTS

Sirs:

Could you believe that the smiling young man in the one picture could be transformed into the incarnation of the primitive dance shown in the other picture? Tonica Massaquoi, whom Americans know as Frank Roberts, is a native of Liberia who likes to amuse audiences with the very interesting stilt dance of his original tribe. "Pagan Prayer," his best-known piece, is the dance which inspired the bronze statue of that name by sculptress Malvina Hoffman.

GJON MILI

New York, N. Y.



"COWARDLY LIONS"

Sirs:

After seeing the motion picture *The Wizard of Oz*, my husband made me up to resemble the Cowardly Lion in the

movie and then took a snapshot (lower left). The other picture is the Cowardly Lion (Bert Lahr) as he actually appeared in the film.

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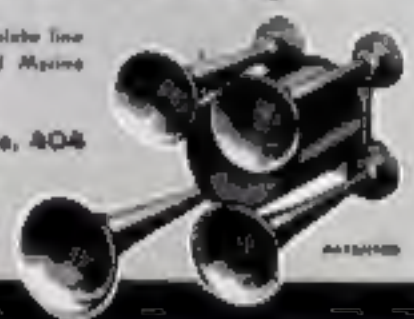
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"So this afternoon I took a long look at the new Ford myself. That's easy to do! And the salesman was grand. Never mentioned fan belts or fuel pumps or anything like that. He just let me look around and open things and ask questions. Pretty soon, I began to get as excited as Joe was. . . . Then we went for a ride.



"FIRST I SAT IN BACK It's simply marvelous how they've put so much downright comfort and roominess in that car! The cushions are deep and soft, with lovely upholstery. There's more room for your legs—four inches, the salesman said—and more elbow room. So quiet, too. I couldn't hear a sound!



"THEN I TOOK THE WHEEL—a clever two-spoke wheel with the Finger-Tip Gearshift right under it. I was amazed at how nicely it shifted. There's nothing tricky about it at all. It's just the regular shift turned on its side. And there's nothing in the way when three ride in front and I have to sit in the middle!



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